

PZ
8
3
R58
30
COPY 2

FT MEADE
GenColl

DOLLS



JULIA A. ROBINSON



Class

PZ.8

Book

R58.3

Copyright N^o

20
COPY 21

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Jemima

DOLLS

AN ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by
JULIA A. ROBINSON



Pictured by
EMMA BROCK

JUNIOR PRESS BOOKS
ALBERT  WHITMAN
& CO
CHICAGO
1938

Copyright, 1938, by
Albert Whitman & Co., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

PZ8
12
R58
110
Copy 2

To
MY SISTER

*Who shared with me the pleasures and responsibilities
of our childhood dolls
and whose sympathy is broad enough to embrace
the doll activities of mature years.*

Printed in the U.S.A.

©CIA 119348

JUL 13 1938

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Copyright material in this book is used by permission of and special arrangement with:

The American Boy for certain poems formerly published in the Youth's Companion: *At Bedtime* and *When the Guests Are Gone* by Harriet Sutherland; *Choosing*, *The Lament of the Poppy Doll* and *Sing a Song of Dollies* all by Rebecca Deming Moore; *The Christmas Doll* by Arthur Guiterman; *The Dearest Dolls* by Hannah G. Fernald, *A Ditty of Dolls* and *In the Doll Shop* by Rose Mills Powers; *A Devoted Mother* and *Doll's Slumber Song* by Ethelwyn Wetherald; *The Dolls* by Miriam S. Clark; *The Dolls' Dinner* by Ellen Manly; *Discipline* by M. Von Seydewitz; *Dolly's Slumber Song* by Annie Willis McCullough; *The Favorite Doll* by J. R. Gray; *The Japanese Doll* by Laura Spencer Porter; *The Kidnaper* by Mary Dill; *A Little Girl's Dolls* by L. I. Bartlett; *A Mother's Dilemma* by Anne Madison; *On the Shelf* by M. J.; *Petunia Dolls* by Eva Macfarlane; *The Rubber Doll* by Caroline Ticknor; *The Wooden Doll* by Eugenie Wireman; *The Wrong Doctor* by Emma S. Francis; and *The Dolls' Christmas Tree*.

D. Appleton-Century Company for the following list of poems formerly appearing in *St. Nicholas*: *Belinda Blond* and *Jemima Brown* by Laura E. Richards; *Best Loved Of All* and *The Money Jug* by Katherine Pyle; *Comprenez-vous* by Jennie Betts Hartswick; *Conscientious Correggio Carothers* by Malcolm Douglas; *The Dead Doll* and *Mary Jane* by Margaret Vandegrift; *The Doll's Circus* by W. P. Hooper; *The Doll's Wedding* by Lucy Larcom; *Dolly's Lullaby* by Helen Gray Cone; *Dressing Mary Ann* by M. M. Dodge; *Envy* and *Perhaps They Are* by Arthur Guiterman; *Feast of the Dolls* by Nora Archibald Smith; *Fellow Travellers* by Pauline Frances Camp; *Jemima* by Harriet Clark McLearn; *A Little Seamstress* by Mary E. Wilkins; *Mehitable Ann* by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; *A Misunderstanding* by Eunice Ward; *My Dolly* by Mary Bradley; *A Nightmare* by Anna May Cooper; *Only a Doll* by Sarah O. Jewett; *Polly and Her Dollies* by W. O. Kobbe; *The Rag Doll* by Junius L. Cravens; *Rose Ma Belle* by Margaret Belle Houston; *Rebecca* by Eleanor Piatt; *The Sewing Dolly* by Amelia De Wolfers; *Sisters* by Stella George Stern; *Taking Dolly's Photograph* by Sidney Dayre; *Tea-Set Blue* by Rose Mills Powers; *Twin's Complaint* by Ellen Manly; *Unfortunate Family* by Felix Leigh; *Week Days in Dolly's House* by John Bennett.

D. Appleton-Century Company for *Cuddle Down, Dolly* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, *Dolly Takes Tea* and *Owner Away* by Bessie Jenkins from the *St. Nicholas Books of Verse*.

E. P. Dutton and Company for *Penny Paroo* by Alicia Aspinwall from *Short Poems For Short People* and *Doll's Song* by Lewis Carroll from his *Collected Verse*.

Harcourt, Brace and Company for *The Dolly House* by Margaret Widdemer from her *Little Girl and Boy Land*.

Little, Brown and Company for *Happy Jack* by Ralph Bergengren from his *Jane, Joseph and John*.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company for *A Doll's Cradle Song* and *A Nursery Rhyme* from Smith's *Book of Lullabies*.

The Macmillan Company for *A Valentine for Old Dolls* by Rachel Field from her *Pointed People* and *All The Bells Are Ringing* by Christina G. Rossetti from her *Sing-Song*.

Noble and Noble, Publishers, for *A Mortifying Mistake* by Anna M. Pratt and *My Doll* and *The Torn Doll* from *Poems My Children Love Best of All*.

F. A. Owen Publishing Company for *A Christmas Dilemma* from the *Normal Instructor*, December, 1902.

The Penn Publishing Company for *Christening Dolly* by E. C. and L. J. Rook from Shoemaker's *Holiday Entertainments*. *Doll Rosy's Bath* and *The Little Schoolma'am* from *Little People's Speaker*; and *The Doll's Funeral* by Will Allen Dromgoole from Shoemaker's *Best Selections Number 27*.

Theodore Presser Company for *A Little Housewife* by A. C. D. Riley from *Songs of The Child World* by Riley and Gaynor, published and copyrighted in 1897 by The John Church Company.

Marjorie Barrows for *The Long Ago Doll* reprinted from *Child Life*.

Charles Scribner's Sons for *The Naughty Doll* by Eugene Field from his *Trumpet and Drum*.

Clayton F. Summy Company for *My Cotton Dolly* from *My Cotton Dolly and Other Poems*.

Frederick Warne & Company for *Mammas and Babies* by Kate Greenaway from her *Marigold Garden*.

The John C. Winston Company for *The Doll Baby Show* by George Cooper from *The Children's Book of Poetry*.

The Wise Book Company for *Bing-O*, *The Gingerbread Man* and *Golliwumpus* by Alice Higgins from her *Runaway Rhymes*.

The compiler also wishes to thank librarians and friends for contributions of poems and kindly advice and encouragement.

CONTENTS

IN THE LONG AGO

PAGE

A Valentine for Old Dolls— <i>Rachel Field</i>	13
The Wooden Doll and the Wax Doll— <i>Jane Taylor</i>	13
Jemima— <i>Harriet Clark McLear</i>	15
The Long Ago Doll— <i>Marjorie Barrows</i>	18
The Fairing— <i>Nancy Sproat</i>	18
Lucy and Dicky— <i>Unknown</i>	19
My Doll— <i>Unknown</i>	20
The New Doll— <i>Unknown</i>	20
Dolly Going to Sleep— <i>Unknown</i>	21
Saturday Night— <i>Unknown</i>	21
The Torn Doll— <i>Unknown</i>	22
A Nursery Rhyme— <i>Unknown</i>	22

NURSERY RHYMES

All the Bells Are Ringing— <i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	24
At Bedtime— <i>Harriet Sutherland</i>	24
The Favorite Doll— <i>J. R. Grey</i>	25
The Kidnaper— <i>Mary Dill</i>	25
The Owner Away— <i>Unknown</i>	26
Polly and Her Dollies— <i>M. O. Kobbe</i>	26
Sing a Song of Dollies— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	26

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER AND MOTHER

Christening Dolly— <i>E. C. and L. J. Rook</i>	28
A Christmas Dilemma— <i>Nellie M. Sinnell</i>	29
A Devoted Mother— <i>Ethelwyn Wetherald</i>	30
Discipline— <i>M. Von Seydewitz</i>	31
The Doll-Baby Show— <i>George Cooper</i>	32
The Dolls— <i>Miriam S. Clark</i>	33
The Dolls' Dinner— <i>Ellen Manly</i>	33
The Doll's Funeral— <i>Will Allen Dromgoole</i>	37
The Dolly House— <i>Margaret Widdemer</i>	38
Dolly Takes Tea— <i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i>	39
Dressing Mary Ann— <i>M. M. Dodge</i>	41
The Little Housewife— <i>Alice C. D. Riley</i>	42

A Little Seamstress— <i>Mary E. Wilkins</i>	44
Mammas and Babies— <i>Kate Greenaway</i>	44
A Mother's Dilemma— <i>Anne Madison</i>	45
Rebecca— <i>Eleanor Piatt</i>	46
Taking Dolly's Photograph— <i>Sydney Dayre</i>	47
The Tea-Set Blue— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	47
Week-days in Dolly's House— <i>John Bennett</i>	48
The Wrong Doctor— <i>Emma S. Francis</i>	50

BEST LOVED OF ALL

The Best Loved of All— <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	52
The Dearest Dolls— <i>Hannah G. Fernald</i>	53
Mary Jane— <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	54
Mehitable Ann— <i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	55
The Rag Doll— <i>Junius L. Cravens</i>	56
The Rubber Doll— <i>Caroline Ticknor</i>	57
When the Guests Are Gone— <i>Harriet Sutherland</i>	58
The Wooden Doll— <i>Eugenie Wireman</i>	58

MISFORTUNES OF DOLLHOOD

The Complaint of a Modern Doll— <i>Clara H. Aten</i>	60
Doll Rosy's Bath— <i>Unknown</i>	60
The Dead Doll— <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	61
Jemima Brown— <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	62
The Lost Doll— <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	64
Rose Ma Belle— <i>Margaret Belle Houston</i>	64
An Unfortunate Family— <i>Felix Leigh</i>	66

WOOING AND WEDDING

Belinda Blond— <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	68
A Doll's Wedding— <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	70
An Eavesdropper— <i>Anna Maria Pratt</i>	71
The Naughty Doll— <i>Eugene Field</i>	72
The Money-Jug— <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	74
On the Shelf— <i>M. J.</i>	76

SONGS AND LULLABIES

Cuddle Down, Dolly— <i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>	80
Doll's Cradle Song— <i>From the German</i>	81
Dolly's Lullaby— <i>Helen Gray Cone</i>	81
Doll's Slumber Song— <i>Ethelwyn Wetherald</i>	82
Dolly's Slumber Song— <i>Annie Willis McCullough</i>	84
My Cotton Dolly— <i>Mildred Travers Anderson</i>	84

MISCELLANEOUS

Choosing— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	88
The Christmas Doll— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	88
The Conscientious Correggio Carothers— <i>Malcolm Douglas</i>	89
A Ditty of Dolls— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	90
The Doll's Christmas Tree— <i>Unknown</i>	91
The Doll's Circus— <i>Will Philip Hooper</i>	92
Doll's Song— <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	95
Fellow Travellers— <i>Pauline Frances Camp</i>	95
In the Doll Shop— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	97
A Little Schoolma'am— <i>Unknown</i>	97
A Mortifying Mistake— <i>Anna Maria Pratt</i>	99
My Dolly— <i>Mary Bradley</i>	100
A Nightmare— <i>Anna May Cooper</i>	101
Only a Doll— <i>Sarah O. Jewett</i>	102
Perhaps They Are— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	103
The Sisters— <i>Stella George Stern</i>	104
The Twin's Complaint— <i>Ellen Manly</i>	104

FOREIGN COUSINS

"Comprenez-Vous?"— <i>Jennie Betts Hartswick</i>	108
Feast of the Doll— <i>Nora Archibald Smith</i>	110
The Japanese Doll— <i>Laura Spencer Porter</i>	111
A Misunderstanding— <i>Eunice Ward</i>	112

DOLLS-IN-LAW

Bing-O— <i>Alice Higgins</i>	114
Envy— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	115
The Gingerbread Man— <i>Alice Higgins</i>	115
Golliwumpas— <i>Alice Higgins</i>	116
Happy Jack— <i>Ralph Bergengren</i>	117
Iowa Corn Folk— <i>Bertha M. H. Shambaugh</i>	118
The Lament of the Poppy Doll— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	119
A Little Girl's Dolls— <i>L. I. Bartlett</i>	120
Penny Paroo— <i>Alicia Aspinwall</i>	120
Petunia Dolls— <i>Eva Macfarlane</i>	121
Sewing Doll— <i>Amelia DeWolfers</i>	122
The Topsy Turvy Doll— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	123

IN THE LONG AGO





There were two friends, a charming pair!

A VALENTINE FOR OLD DOLLS

Let others sing of cooing doves,
Of beating hearts and new-found loves,
These my poor rhymes shall tell the graces
Of china, wax or wooden faces;
The charm of curls or painted braids,
Oh, sweet, perennially cheerful maids.
Your smiles shall last though nations fall,
And the young hands that dressed you all
In flowered flounce and ribbons gay,
Long since to dust be laid away.
Your years you wear like faint perfume
Of rose-leaves in a quiet room,
When winter at the threshold knocks;
Like some old tune a music-box
Tinkles as soft as phantom rain
Falling beyond a window pane.
And so, where'er you be to-day—
On parlor shelf; packed snug away
In attic camphor—still I'll praise
Your stiff-set limbs, your timeless gaze,
Knowing full well when I am gone
Thus you will sit and thus smile on.

—*Rachel Field*

THE WOODEN DOLL AND THE WAX DOLL (1804)

There were two friends, a charming pair!
Brunette the brown, and Blanchidine the fair;
And she to love Brunette did constantly incline,
Nor less did Brunette love sweet Blanchidine.
Brunette in dress was neat, yet always plain;
But Blanchidine of finery was vain.

Now Blanchidine a new acquaintance made—
A little girl most sumptuously arrayed,
In plumes and ribbons, gaudy to behold,
And India frock, with spots of shining gold.
Said Blanchidine, "A girl so richly dressed
Should surely be by every one caressed.
To play with me, if she will condescend,
Henceforth 'tis she alone shall be my friend."
And so for this new friend in silks adorned
Her poor Brunette was slighted, left and scorned.

Of Blanchidine's vast stock of pretty toys,
A wooden doll her every thought employs;
Its neck so white, so smooth, its cheeks so red—
She kissed, she fondled and she took to bed.

Mamma now brought her home a doll of wax,
Its hair in ringlets white, as soft as flax;
Its eyes would open and its eyes would shut;
And on it too, with taste its clothes were put.
"My dear wax doll!" sweet Blanchidine would cry—
Her doll of wood was thrown neglected by.

One summer's day—'twas in the month of June—
The sun blazed out in all the heat of noon:
"My waxen doll," she cried, "my dear, my charmer!
What, are you cold? but you shall soon be warmer."
She laid it in the sun—misfortune dire!
The wax ran down as if before the fire!
Each beauteous feature quickly disappeared,
And melting, left a blank all soil'd and smeared.

Her doll disfigured she beheld amazed,
And thus expressed her sorrow as she gazed:
"Is it for you my heart I have estranged
From what I fondly loved, which has not changed?
Just so may change my new acquaintance fine,
For whom I left Brunette, that friend of mine.
No more by outside show will I be lured;
Of such capricious whims I think I'm cured:
To plain old friends my heart shall still be true,
Nor change for every face because 'tis new."
Her slighted wooden doll resumed its charms,
And wrong'd Brunette she clasped within her arms.

—*Jane Taylor*

JEMIMA

She stands up straight before me,
 With her prim old-fashioned air,
With her ancient dress and buckled shoes,
 And quaint, cold, wooden stare.
The little modern maidens
 Think her "queer" and "old" and "slow",
But most dear was she to one fond heart,
 Just ninety years ago.

Time has not dimmed the brightness
 Of her black, well-painted eyes,
Nor stolen the roses from her cheeks;
 But looks of grim surprise
Replace the loving glances
 Which she must have given, we know,
When she saw her little mother's face,
 Just ninety years ago.

Her arms are made of linen,
 But the rest is all of wood;
And she stands up very stiff and straight,
 As well-bred ladies should.
She likes to stand up always,
 For she thinks it best to show
To the ill-bred modern dolls the ways
 Of ninety years ago.

No hair has she ever had,
 So she quite despises curls,
And she thinks them fit for giddy pates
 Of frivolous doll girls.
She thinks hair is not needed;
 For she says 'twas never so
In the good old days when she was young,
 Just ninety years ago.

She wears three caps as always
 Made, the innermost of lace,
And the outermost with ruffles wide,
 Which come about her face.
The middle one of cambric;
 They were all once white as snow,
But have browned with age since they were made
 Just ninety years ago.

Her dress was fine and dainty,
 Of a blue and white, 'twould seem,
But the blue is now a faded plum,
 The white is like rich cream.

The skirt her ankles reaches
And the neck is rather low;
But 'twas in the height of style, when new,
Just ninety years ago.

Her little hose were snow-white,
And were tied with ribbons blue,
And she has small silken slippers,
Which were bright pink when new.
She wears her red shoes always,
With the silver buckles, though
She has lost one buckle—careless she,
Just ninety years ago.

She always wears a necklace
Of small beads of shining green.
Her little mother strung those beads
With loving thoughts between.
You plainly see that they are glass;
But you must not tell her so,
For they played that they were emeralds, once
Just ninety years ago.

Her rosy cheeks are wrinkled,
There are cracks across her brow,
And her quaint old dress is thin and worn;
She is never played with now.
She dreams of days when no one
Thought her “queer” or “old” or “slow”,
And she longs to be once more beloved
As ninety years ago.

—*Harriet Clark McLear*

THE LONG AGO DOLL

Way up in Grandma's attic where
Some little dusty shadows creep,
I found my mother's Mandy Claire
Inside a trunk asleep.

Her yellow dress was trimmed with lace,
Her hair was very black and thin,
And camphor balls were in the place
That she was dreaming in.

And long ago—and long ago—
A little girl that used to be
Left Mandy Claire a-sleeping so—
Before there was a me.

So Mandy Claire is waiting till—
But I got sort of lonesome then
And while she slept there very still
I tiptoed out again.

—*Marjorie Barrows*

THE FAIRING

(1837)

Oh dear! what a beautiful Doll
My sister has bought at the fair!
She says I must call it "Miss Poll",
And make it a bonnet to wear.

O pretty new Doll! it looks fine;
Its cheeks are all cover'd with red;
But, pray, will it always be mine?
And, pray, may I take it to bed?

How kind was my sister to buy
This Dolly, with hair that will curl!
Perhaps, if you want to know why,
She'll tell you I've been a good girl.

—*Nancy Sproat*

LUCY AND DICKY

(1837)

Miss Lucy was a charming child,
She never said, I won't!
If little Dick her playthings spoiled,
She said, Pray, Dicky, don't!

He took her waxen doll one day,
And banged it round and round,
Then tore its legs and arms away,
And threw them on the ground.

His good mama was angry quite,
And Lucy's tears ran down;
But Dick went supperless that night,
And since has better grown.

—*Author Unknown*

MY DOLL

(1852)

I have a little doll,
I take care of her clothes;
And she has flaxen hair,
And her name is Rose.

She has pretty violet eyes
And a very small nose
And a sweet little mouth,
And her name is Rose.

She has a little bed,
And when the daylight goes
I tuck her up in it,
And say, "Good night, dear Rose."

—*Author Unknown*

THE NEW DOLL

(1837)

Miss Jenny and Polly
Had each a new Dolly,
With rosy-red cheeks and blue eyes.
Dress'd in ribbons and gauze;
And they quarrelled because
The dolls were not both of a size.

O silly Miss Jenny!
To be such a ninny,
To quarrel and make such a noise!
For the very same day
Their mamma sent away
Their dolls with red cheeks and blue eyes.

—*Author Unknown*

DOLLY GOING TO SLEEP

(1852)

There, go to sleep, Dolly, in mother's own lap;
I'll put on your night gown and neat little cap;
So, sleep, pretty baby, and shut up your eye;
Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

Now I'll lay my clean handkerchief over your head,
And then make you think that my lap is your bed;
So, hush, little dear, and be sure you don't cry;
Bye-bye, little Dolly, lie still and bye-bye.

There, now it is morning, and time to get up;
I'll crumb you a mess in my own china cup;
Awake, little baby, and open your eye,
For I think it's high time to be done with bye-bye.

—*Author Unknown*

SATURDAY NIGHT

(1852)

Now Dolly, my dear,
I pray you come here;
The daylight has gone,
And work is all done;
I'll put you to bed, for to-morrow is Sunday,
And I'll not see you again until Monday.

You don't want to go?
But you ought to know
That it is but right;
So, Dolly, good-night;
You must lie without noise or crying till Monday,
For you know we ought not to play on Sunday.

—*Author Unknown*

THE TORN DOLL

(1852)

Caty, my dear,
Come here, come here;
I've a short tale for you to hear.

Upon the floor,
Behind the door,
This morn I found a dolly poor.

Once she was new,
And pretty, too,
With cloak and hat, and frock and shoe.

But oh, dear me,
A sight to see
Has that same dollie come to be.

Her clothes all worn,
And soiled and torn;
Alas, alas, she looks forlorn.

I wonder who
Has made her so;
Why, Caty dear, can it be you?

—*Author Unknown*

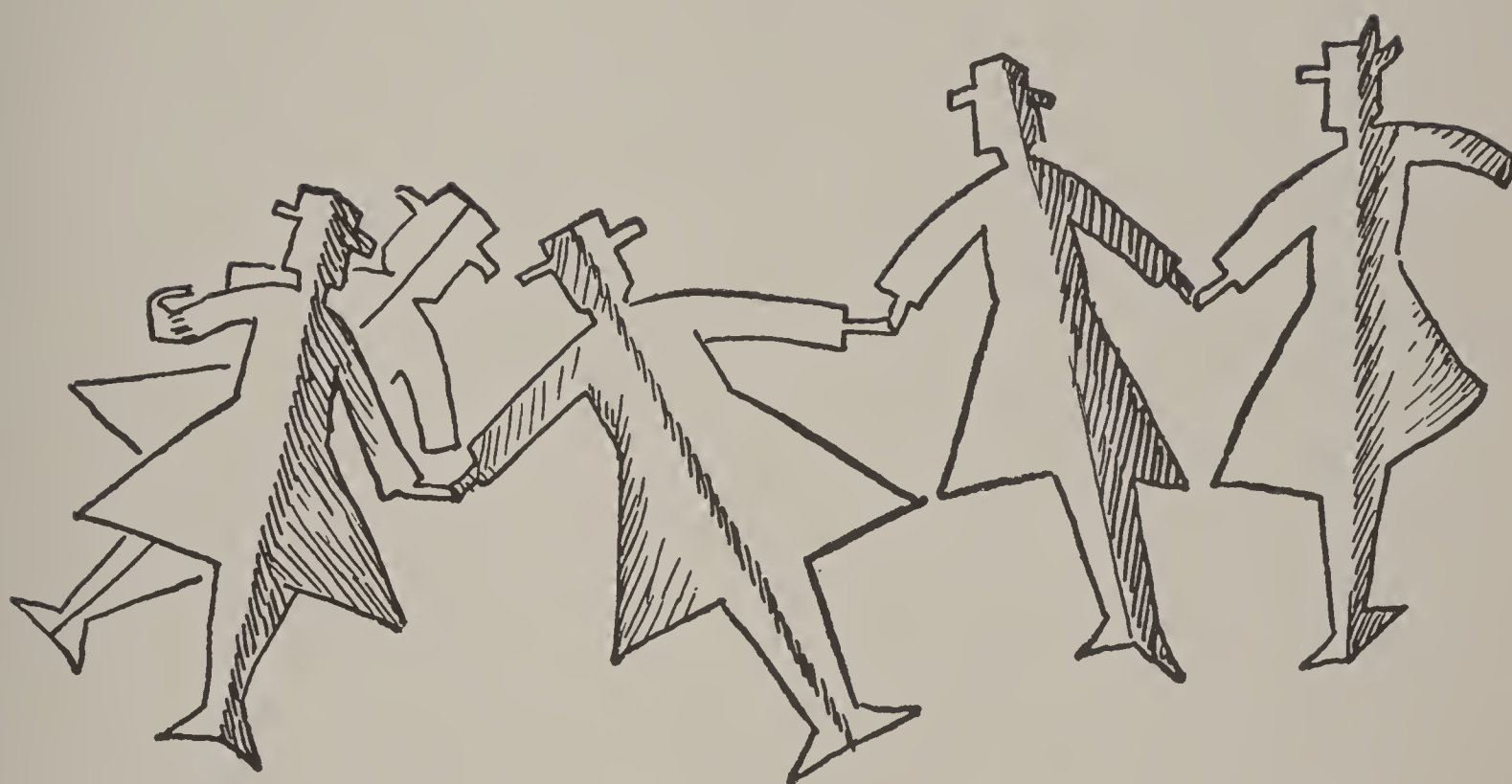
A NURSERY RHYME

(1852)

Hushy baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by-and-by;
Or perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole heart.

—*Author Unknown*

NURSERY RHYMES



ALL THE BELLS ARE RINGING

All the bells are ringing
And all the birds are singing,
When Molly sat down crying
For her broken doll;
Oh, you silly Moll!
Sobbing and sighing
For a broken doll,
When all the bells are ringing
And all the birds are singing.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

AT BEDTIME

See! I take them in my chair,
Cuddled close to me,
Dolly Dear and Teddy Bear,
Sleepy as can be!

Such a busy, busy day,
Packed so full of fun!
Now we have to stop our play,
For the day is done.

So I rock them to and fro,
Humming lullabies
Very soft and very low;
Dolly, shut your eyes!

—*Harriet Sutherland*

THE FAVORITE DOLL

One, I love, Two, I love her,
Three, with her I play.
Four, I keep her near to me
Nearly all the day.

Five, I kiss her, Six, I'd miss her
If she strayed away.
Seven, I take her out to ride,
Eight, whene'er I may.

Nine, it's time she had her nap.
Ten, up-stairs we creep;
Eleven, I put her into bed;
Twelve, she goes to sleep!

—*J. R. Gray*

THE KIDNAPER

Danny was a rascal,
Danny was a scamp;
He carried off a lady doll
And left her in the damp.

He took her off on Monday;
On Wednesday in he came
And dumped her gayly on the floor
Without a bit of shame.

He was not sad or humble,
He did not beg for pardon;
He merely barked, "A lady doll
I found out in the garden!"

—*Mary Dill*

THE OWNER AWAY

Hark, Hark! What's that noise?
Something's the matter with the toys.
Scrub, scrub! Swish, swash!
The biggest doll is trying to wash.

The other dolls are making cake.
The new cook-stove is beginning to bake;
The table is setting itself, you see;
They must be expecting friends to tea.

—*Author Unknown*

POLLY AND HER DOLLIES

Polly is reading aloud to her dollies
An interesting tale from her favorite book;
But her dollies soon found it too deep,
And have quietly fallen asleep,
As Polly would see
If she were not too busy to look!

—*M. O. Kobbe*

SING A SONG OF DOLLIES

Sing a song of dollies
All on a rainy day!
Aunty took the scissor
And snipped and snipped away.
Four and twenty dollies
Dancing in a row
Wasn't that a merry way
To make the hours go?

—*Rebecca Deming Moore*

LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER AND MOTHER



CHRISTENING DOLLY

See, this is my Christmas dolly,
Two weeks ago she came;
And, OH! the trouble I have had
To find a pretty name.

At first I thought of Marguerite—
A French name, meaning “pearl”—
But Nellie said, “Oh! that’s too stiff
For such a graceful girl.”

And then I mentioned, one by one,
Susanna, Ruth, and Poll,
“But they are too old-fashioned names,”
Nell said, “to suit your doll.”

So next I got a great big book,
And searched it through and through,
Then shook my head and sadly said:
“There’s not one name will do.”

My brother Tom was sitting near;
He raised his eyes and smiled;
“Why, Pussy, dear,” he kindly said,
“Suppose I name your child.”

“Oh! will you, Brother Tom,” I cried,
And then I hugged him so;
“We’ll play you are the parson
That christens folks, you know.”

So then, he took her in his arms
And solemnly and slow
He said, "This baby's name shall be
Miss Josephine, or Jo."

And there, before I knew it,
My baby had a name;
And what I like about it, is,
That mine is just the same.

—*E. C. and L. J. Rook*

A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA

What shall dollie have for Christmas?
I've been thinking all day long,
For I want to ask old Santa,
And I mustn't get it wrong.

Would a new hat be the nicest,
With a bow and feather, too?
Or a bran new dress for Sundays,
Or a nicer sash of blue?

I know she needs a pair of slippers,
Pink ones—they'd be very nice,
But I want the very best thing
That he'll bring for any price.

And she has so many dresses,
All the clothes and things, you know,
That used to be my other dollie's,
My dear old Arabella Jo.

That's the one I broke last summer,
And you don't know how I've missed her,
O Santa Claus! I've thought of something—
Bring my doll a nice, new sister.

—*Nellie M. Sinnell*

A DEVOTED MOTHER

If I had a little sick dolly,
I know what I should do;
I would feed it with care and give it fresh air,
And go to the doctor's too.
And then if the doctor should hand me
Some candy pills from the shelf,
And dolly said, "Oh, I can't take them—no!"
I'd swallow them all myself.
For you know, of course, I could never use force,
So I'd swallow them all myself.

Yes, I am a careful young mother.
When dollies are sick and weak
I forbid them to walk, I don't let them talk,
Nor even permit them to speak.
In winter I give them a straw ride,
Well wrapped up is each little elf,
And smiling to see with what vigor and glee
I am skipping and singing myself.
The unselfish and good and wise mother should
Do the skipping and singing herself.

—*Ethelwyn Wetheraid*

DISCIPLINE

Dolly's very naughty;
Dolly will not play;
Everything I tell her
Makes her cross today.

See how she is pouting!
Oh, what can I do?
Dolly, when she's naughty
Makes me naughty too.

Let me see! Supposing,
Dolly, I were you,
And was very naughty
What would Mother do?

Would she scold and punish
So severely? No!
She would say she loved me,
And would kiss me—so!

She would say I grieved her.
That would make me sad;
I would feel so sorry
Till we both were glad.

So, my little dolly,
I'll be good to you;
And you'll be, to please me,
Good and loving, too.

—*M. von Seydewitz*

THE DOLL-BABY SHOW

Our doll-baby show, it was something quite grand;
You saw there the loveliest dolls in the land.
Each girl brought her own, in its prettiest dress;
Three pins bought a ticket, and not a pin less.

For the doll that was choicest we offered a prize;
There were wee mites of dollies, and some of great size;
Some came in rich purple, some lilac, some white,
With ribbons and laces—a wonderful sight!

Now, there was one dolly, so tall and so proud
She put all the others quite under a cloud;
But one of us hinted in so many words,
That sometimes fine feathers do not make fine birds.

We sat in a row with our dolls in our laps;
The dolls behaved sweetly, and met no mishaps.
No boy was admitted—for boys will make fun;
Now which do you think was the dolly that won?

Soon all was commotion to hear who would get
The prize; for the dollies' committee had met;
We were the committee; and which do you think
Was the doll we decided on, all in a wink?

Why, each of us said that our own was the best,
The finest, the sweetest, the prettiest drest;
So we *all* got the prize. We'll invite you to go
The next time we girls have our doll-baby show.

—George Cooper

THE DOLLS

I take them up at morning and I put them down at night,
The big one, and the small one, and the rest;
The one that came from London-town, the one from bright Japan,
And the weary, deary one that I love best.
I take them up with smiling, and I lay them down with sighs,
And I smooth their hair with loving and with pride.
When I put them in their cradle at the paling of the skies,
I sing my very softest at their side.
Oh, a boy may have a fife and drum, a boy may have a gun,
A boy may have a helmet and a plume,
And a boy may go a-marching all about the house with shouts,
And set the echoes ringing in a room.
But dolls were made for girls, I think, and here before the fire
I rock them, rock them, rock them to their rest
The one that came from London-town, the one from bright Japan,
The dainty Paris lady, with the fluffy feather fan,
The nodding one that shuts its eyes, as sleepy babies can,
And the weary, deary one that I love best.

—*Miriam S. Clark*

THE DOLLS' DINNER

Now, pay attention, children! I've a treat for you today!
We're invited out to dinner by little Kitty Clay!
I didn't know in time, dears, to get new dresses made,
And some of yours are shabby, I'm very much afraid.
But you will be quite willing to share your things, I know;
You wouldn't half enjoy it unless you all could go.
'Twill take a little planning to get you nicely dressed,
And I must start in season, that each may look her best.



I know we shall enjoy it

Lisette will have no trouble—her party dress is new,
And she can lend her muslin and satin sash to Sue.
Lucille can wear her tea-gown, and little Lucy Ann
Can have Louisa's shirtwaist and Angelina's fan.
Dear Betty, in pink gingham, looks very fresh and sweet,
And here's a cape for Mary that reaches to her feet;
She must keep it on at dinner, and say she has a cold,
And nobody will notice that her dress is rather old.

Rosanna's blue merino has had a dreadful tear;
I tried to darn it nicely, but still the mark is there,
So Lily's muslin apron must cover up the place,
And I'll freshen up the bodice with Matilda's bib of lace.
May only has one slipper—'twas trying, I must say,
To have the puppy swallow the other just today!
To go in that condition is anything but neat—
You must try to hide it, darling, by sitting on your feet.
And here's your pretty necklace, it's all you have that's new,
But the diamonds are beauties, and so I guess you'll do!

My dearest Angelina, I'm very proud of you.
You certainly look charming in red and white and blue,
With yellow fringe for trimming, and stars on sleeves and waist
I'm very sure that nothing could be in better taste.
And then it's so uncommon—no one could ever guess
Where mother found material to make that sweet new dress.

Please hold your breath, Matilda—this dress is much too tight,
I'm afraid you'll find it trying to keep it on till night.
I'm sorry, I can't help it, but you must look genteel
When going out to dinner, no matter how you feel.
And this is so becoming, and such a stylish fit,
That though it pinches badly, just make the best of it.

Here, Mammy, is your apron and your kerchief clean and white,
And with your new bandana you're quite a lively sight!
Perhaps you're not expected, but I could *never* go
And leave the precious baby alone at home, you know.
So here's the little darling—be sure you hold her tight.
It's surely very lucky I dressed her overnight!
And now we'll talk of manners while I'm curling Lily's hair—
A more important question than what you're going to wear.
I hope you'll do me credit—I shouldn't like it said
That any of my darlings were noisy or ill-bred.

First, Susy dear, remember you mustn't shake your head
Like that when at the table, but say "No thanks" instead.
And please, my darling Betty, do try to sit up straight!
You're getting very crooked from wabbling so of late.
I know you're old and shaky, and can't do as you would,
But stiffen up a little, and it will do you good.
I hope that Angelina will keep her toes turned out;
And Mary, don't forget, love, and flop your arms about.
May, you must keep real quiet—your wig is loose, my dear;
You wouldn't like to feel it go sliding toward one ear!

There! Now the last one's ready and nobody would know
How hard it was to manage, so all of you could go.
You surely do look lovely, but I'm tired as tired can be—
'Tis not an easy thing to dress so large a family.
I know we shall enjoy it, but really, I *must* say,
I'm glad we're not invited to dinner every day.

—Ellen Manly

THE DOLL'S FUNERAL

When my dolly died, when my dolly died,
I sat on the step, and I cried, and I cried—
And wouldn't eat any jam and bread,
'Cause it didn't seem right, when my doll was dead.
And Bridget was sorry as she could be:
For she patted my head, and "Oh," said she,
"To think that the pretty has gone and died!"
Then I broke out afresh, and I cried—and I cried.

And all the dolls from all around
Came to see my doll put under the ground:
There was Lucy Lee, and Mary Clack
Brought their dolls over, all dressed in black:
And Emmeline Hope, and Sarah Lou
Came over and brought their dollies, too.
And all the time I cried, and cried:
'Cause it hurt me so, when my dolly died.

We dressed her up in a new white gown,
With ribbon and lace edged all around;
And made her a coffin in a box
Where my brother keeps his spelling blocks.
And we had some prayers, and a funeral, too:
And our hymn was the "Two Little Girls in Blue."
But for me, I only cried, and cried:
'Cause I couldn't sing when my doll had died.

We dug her a grave in the violet bed,
And planted violets at her head;
And raised a stone, where we wrote quite plain:
"Here lies a dear doll, what died of pain."

And then my brother he said "Amen";
And we all went back to the house again.
But for me, I only cried, and cried;—
'Cause it hurt me so when my dolly died.

And then we had some jam and bread—
I didn't eat—'cause my doll was dead:
But I tied some crepe on my doll-house door,
And then I cried and cried some more.
And I couldn't be happy, don't you see?
'Cause the funeral all belonged to me.
Then the others went home;—and then—
I went out and dug up my dolly again.

—Will Allen Dromgoole

THE DOLLY HOUSE

Underneath the lilac boughs
There I have my dolly house,
Where I sit and play
Almost all the day.

No one else could get inside,
Nurse nor mother, if they tried:
It is much too small
If a person's tall.

All the boughs and leaves of green
Hang across and make a screen,
So I'm shut in tight,
Hidden out of sight.

I should like to always stay,
But I have to go away
 For my milk and bread
 And to go to bed.

Some time I shall come to stay
There, and never go away
 From my dolly house
 In the lilac boughs:

Father's house is big and fine,
But I'd rather stay in mine,
 Where there's nothing tall
 And I own it all.

—Margaret Widdemer

DOLLY TAKES TEA

When Dolly sits down to the table,
 And ev'rything's ready for tea,
With cookies and water for Mabel,
 And water and cookies for me.

We nibble and chatter with Dolly,
 And offer her "tea" from a spoon,
And often our meal is so jolly
 It lasts through the whole afternoon.

Till Mabel jumps up in a hurry
 And says that she really must go,
And I say, "Oh, truly, I'm sorry,
 And Dolly's enjoyed it, I know."

Then gaily we clear off the table,
When Dolly has finished her tea,
With cookies and water for Mabel,
And water and cookies for me.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine*



DRESSING MARY ANN

She came to me one Christmas day,
In paper, with a card to say:
“*From Santa Claus and Uncle John,*”—
And not a stitch the child had on!
“I’ll dress you; never mind!” said I,
“And brush your teeth; now, don’t you cry.”
First, I made her little hose,
And shaped them nicely at the toes.
Then I bought a pair of shoes,—
A lovely “dolly’s number two’s.”
Next I made a petticoat;
And put a chain around her throat.
Then when she shivered, I made haste,
To cut her out an underwaist.
Next I made a party dress,
It took me ’most a week, I guess.
And then I named her Mary Ann,
And gave the dear a paper fan.
Next I made a velvet sacque
That fitted nicely in the back.
Then I trimmed a lovely hat,—
Oh, how sweet she looked in *that*!
And dear, my sakes, that wasn’t all,
I bought her next a parasol!
She looked so grand when she was dressed
You really never would have guessed
How very plain she seemed to be
The day when first she came to me.

—M. M. Dodge

THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE

Oh, Monday's Dolly's washing day,
So bring out the little tub;
The basket new, the wee board too,
Then rub and rub and rub.
Now hang the clothes upon the line,
Out in the sunshine bright,
We've washed out little Dolly's clothes,
All sweet and clean and white.

Oh, Tuesday's Dolly's ironing day,
The tiny irons we'll heat;
And smooth each pretty little dress,
So dainty and so neat.
Then hang it on the wooden rack,
So carefully to air,
Now Dolly's wardrobe neat and clean,
Will show a housewife's care.

Oh, Friday's Dolly's sweeping day,
So bring out the little broom;
And soon with careful willing hands
We'll sweep the dusty room.
And every speck of dust and dirt,
We'll quickly drive away,
We'll make the house with order shine,
For Friday's sweeping day.



Oh, Monday's Dolly's washing day

Oh, Saturday is baking day,
For Dolly dear must eat;
Some fresh light loaves of wheaten bread,
Some cookies round and sweet.
And now our weekly work is done,
Good housewives all are we,
The house is clean above, below,
The cupboard's full you see.

—*Alice C. D. Riley*

A LITTLE SEAMSTRESS

She sat in her little rocking-chair, a sighing
and twirling her thumbs:
“Oh, everything for my doll is done, and never
to mending comes!
I haven't a morsel of sewing!—Dear Mother, in
all the town,
Can't you find me one doll, no matter how small,
who will wear out her gown?”

—*Mary E. Wilkins*

MAMMAS AND BABIES

“My Polly is so very good,
Belinda never cries;
My baby often goes to sleep,
See how she shuts her eyes.”

“Dear Mrs. Lemon, tell me when
Belinda goes to school;
And what time does she go to bed?”
“Well, eight o'clock's the rule.

But now and then, just for a treat,
I let her wait awhile;
You shake your head—why wouldn't you?
Do look at Baby's smile!"

"Dear Mrs. Primrose, will you come
One day next week to tea?
Of course bring Rosalinda, and
That darling—Rosalie."

"Dear Mrs. Cowslip, you *are* kind;
My little folks, I know,
Will be so very pleased to come;
Dears—tell Mrs. Cowslip so."

Oh, do you know—perhaps you've not heard—
She had a dreadful fright;
My Daisy with the measles
Kept me up every night.

"And then I've been so worried—
Clarissa had a fit;
And the doctor said he couldn't
In the least account for it."

—*Kate Greenaway*

A MOTHER'S DILEMMA

My children play in mud so much
It's hard to keep them clean,
Mondays and Saturdays I wash
And everyday between.

I'm blue with bluing, soaked with suds
And nothing but a scrubber.
I think I'll throw away their duds
And dress them all in rubber.

—*Anne Madison*

REBECCA

I have a doll, Rebecca,
She's quite a little care,
I have to press her ribbons
And comb her fluffy hair.

I keep her clothes all mended,
And wash her hands and face,
And make her frocks and aprons,
All trimmed in frills and lace.

I have to cook her breakfast,
And pet her when she's ill;
And telephone the doctor
When Rebecca has a chill.

Rebecca doesn't like that,
And says she's well and strong;
And says she'll try—oh! very hard,
To be good all day long.

But when night comes, she's nodding;
So into bed we creep
And snuggle up together,
And soon are fast asleep.

I have no other dolly,
For you can plainly see,
In caring for Rebecca,
I'm busy as can be!

—*Eleanor Piatt*

TAKING DOLLY'S PHOTOGRAPH

"Ah, naughty Dolly! When I say:
'Just turn a little more this way,'
And then perhaps: 'Now, smile,' I find
You do not often try to mind.

"But when I say: 'Now, pet, keep still,'
I'm very, very sure you will,
And there's no need to say to you:
'Look pleasant'—for you always do."

—*Sydney Dayre*

THE TEA-SET BLUE

When Tillie brings her tea-set blue—
Her lovely set of blue—
And lays the dishes all about
The table, two by two,
The little doll-house people all
Begin to wonder who will call.

For 't is a signal, beyond doubt,
That visitors are due,
When Tillie brings her tea-set out—
Her treasured set of blue.
So all the dollies watch and wait,
And sit up very nice and straight.

And Pierrot forgets to tease
In hopes to be a guest;
The little Jap from over-seas
Tries hard to look his best;
While Mam'selle French Doll, all the while
Wears—ah, the most angelic smile!

For all the nursery people know
As well as well can be
That dollies must be good to go
With Tillie out to tea.

And would not that seem fair to you,
If you possessed a tea-set blue?

—*Rose Mills Powers*

WEEK-DAYS IN DOLLY'S HOUSE

On Monday morning Dolly's clothes
All need a thorough tubbing;
So Prue and I put in the day
With washing, rinsing, rubbing;
With boiling, bluing, bleaching, too,
As all good washerwomen do,
Till Dolly's clothes are clean as new
And we have finished scrubbing.

On Tuesday comes the ironing,
The starching, sprinkling, pressing;
For doing gowns up prettily
Is half the charm of dressing.
And from our irons all the day
We have to coax the cats away,
For with them they will try to play—
And that would be distressing!

On Wednesday thread and needle fly
With basting, whipping, stitching;
With hooks and eye and buttonholes
To keep our fingers twitching.

And while the scissors snip, snip, snip,
We patch and darn and mend and rip,
Till all is trim from tip to tip,
And Dolly looks bewitching.

On Thursday afternoon we take
A recess from our labors,
Dress Dolly up in all her best
And call upon the neighbors;
So she may learn to sit up straight,
Nor come too soon, nor stay too late,
And always think to shut the gate
At Tompkin's and at Tabor's.

On Friday, dusting-rag in hand,
We hurry up the sweeping,
And air the household furniture
While Dolly still is sleeping.
We dust the mantels and the chairs,
The closet-shelves and kitchen stairs,
And shake the rugs and portieres
Like truly-true housekeeping.

On Saturday we bake our bread,
Enough to last till Monday,
With sugar-pies and apple-tarts
For Dolly's dinner Sunday;
With doughnuts round as napkin rings,
And cookies fit for queens and kings
For oh! it takes such lots of things
To keep a Dolly one day.

—John Bennett



THE WRONG DOCTOR

O Doctor Man, O Doctor Man,
I'm glad you hurried here!
Please tell me quickly as you can
What ails my Dolly Dear!

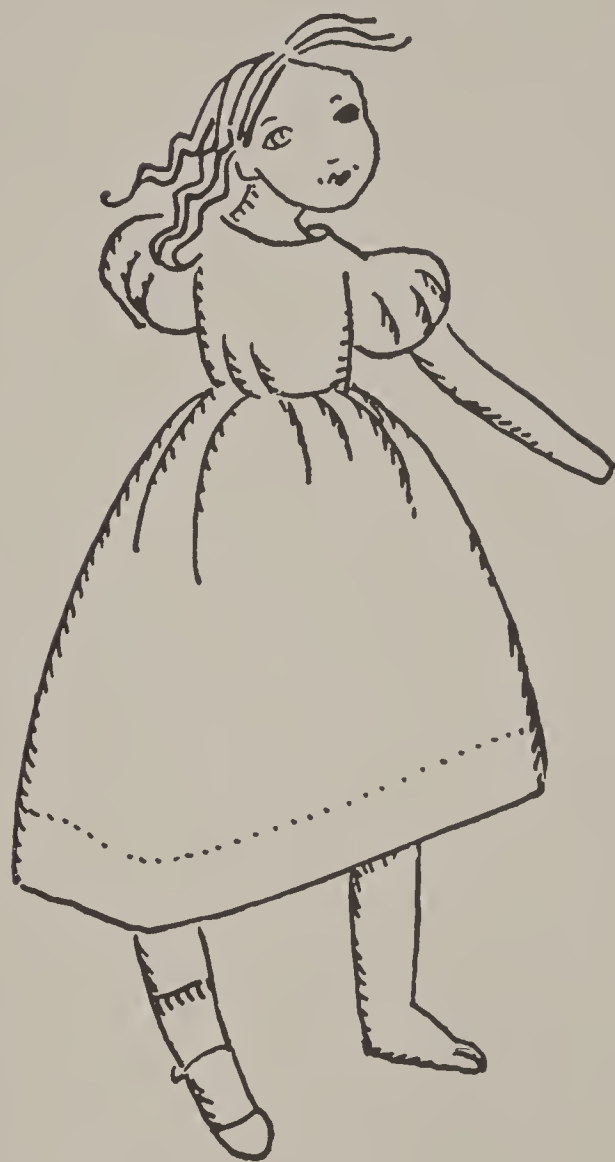
She hasn't closed her eyes to-day
To sleep a single wink;
She will not eat; she will not play;
I don't know what to think!

I know she must be very ill;
What do you make of it?
Perhaps a plaster or a pill
Would help her case a bit?

You say she isn't sick at all?
I will not have it so!
I'll have another doctor call;
Please take your hat and go!

—Emma S. Francis

BEST LOVED OF ALL



THE BEST LOVED OF ALL

Three new dolls sat on three little chairs,
Waiting for Christmas Day;
And they wondered, when she saw them,
What the little girl would say.

They hoped that the nursery life was gay;
And they hoped that they would find
That the little girl often played with dolls;
And they hoped that she was kind.

Near by sat an old doll neatly dressed
In a new frock, black and red;
She smiled at the French dolls—"As to that,
Don't feel afraid," she said.

The new dolls turned their waxen heads,
They looked with a haughty stare,
As if they had never seen before
That a doll was sitting there.

"Oh, we're not in the least afraid," said one,
"We are quite too fine and new;
But perhaps you yourself will find that now
She will scarcely care for you."

The old doll shook her head and smiled:
She smiled, although she knew
Her plaster nose was almost gone,
And her cheeks were faded too.

And now it was day; in came the child,
And there all gay and bright
Sat three new dolls in little chairs—
It was a lovely sight.

She praised their curls, and noticed too
How finely they were dressed;
But the old doll all the while was held
Clasped close against her breast.

—*Katherine Pyle*

THE DEAREST DOLLS

Miss Winifred Evelyn Constance McKee
Invited our dolls to an afternoon tea,
“But don’t bring them all,
For my table is small,
Just let each little girl bring her dearest,” said she.

I felt in my heart it would not be polite
To take my poor Rosa—she’s grown such a fright!
She is blind in one eye,
And her wig’s all awry,
For she sleeps in my bed with me all through the night.

I explained to dear Rosa just why she must stay,
And I dressed Bonniebelle in her finest array;
And then, do you know,
When the time came to go,
I snatched up my Rosa and ran all the way!

And—what do you think?—of the six dolls that came
There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame!
And each little mother
Explained to some other,
“She’s old—but I love her the best just the same!”

—*Hannah G. Fernald*

MARY JANE

I have said it a great many times,
But I think I will say it again;
There is no one, except mamma and papa,
That I love as I love Mary Jane.

Antoinette has most lovely real hair,
And is dressed in the very last style,
But I somehow could shake her (and sometimes I do)
For her one everlasting smile.

If I squeeze Baby Belle, she will cry—
Or she thinks so; I call it a squeak—
And Dolores' mantilla is made of black lace,
And my pretty French Lulu can speak.

But who, of them all, do you think,
Staid in bed with me when I was ill?
Oh, you needn't deny it! She did make a face,
Whenever they gave me a pill.

And I know that, whatever they say,
It was hearing me gasp with that cough,
And trying, the darling, to help hold my head,
That made her poor arms both come off.

And she didn't so much as once squirm,
When Mamma sewed them on, though I know
It must have hurt dreadfully—that's how she is
And she always considers me so!

She knew I was ready to cry,
So she just held as tight as a mouse,
If a needle'd gone into me so, only once
You'd have heard me all over the house!

I think I will put her to sleep;
It is time little girls were in bed.
There, hushaby, darling lie still in my arms—
You are sleepy, you're nodding your head!

Hush, hushaby, baby, hush, hush!
Your mother is holding you tight;
She will hear you, my darling, and hug you right off,
If you wake up afraid in the night.

I think—she is nearly—asleep!
Yes, precious, your—mother is—here.
You can—go—to sleep—safely—for she'll stay—awake,
And—will—not—let—go—of—you—dear!

—Margaret Vandegrift

MEHITABLE ANN

I love Mehitable Ann!
Last night my sister said:
“Mehitable Ann is far from new;
I'd put her away if I were you—
Love Princess Pry instead!”

But I love Mehitable Ann!
And I *can't* love “Pry” instead,
If Mehitable's cheeks *are* pale and white;
They lost their red that awful night
The puppy chewed her head.

And I love Mehitable Ann—
She can't help being thin
And there isn't a single reason why
She can't be as plump as Princess Pry
If I put more sawdust in.

The Princess Pry is nice;
And so is teeny Nan—
She's in-de-struct-i-ble, too, you see—
But something away inside of me
Just *loves* Mehitable Ann!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

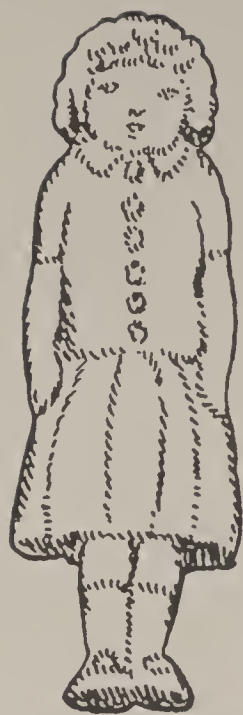
THE RAG DOLL

Liza's just a rag doll,
Old and awful lookin';
I don't like her any more,
She's going to get forsooken.

What I want's a jointy doll
With hair and pretty dresses,
Instead of these old woolly things
That look such awful messes.

Yet, Liza is a good doll,
And such a quiet sleeper;
She never breaks or comes apart—
I guess I'd better keep her!

—Junius L. Cravens



THE RUBBER DOLL

There were many dolls on the nursery shelf.
All were lovely, except myself;
They were made of wax, and fair to see,
But some one always played with me.
I never was handsome, I never was dressed
In frocks and coats the very best;
My face was not pretty and pink-and-white,
But some one kissed me every night.
My hair was never a flaxen hue,
Nor my eyes a gleaming, glassy blue;
My legs were stumpy and stiff and queer,
But some one always called me "dear."
Oh, the big wax doll was stately and grand,
The porcelain princess could walk or stand;
I was only a rubber doll, so small,
But some one loved me best of all.

—*Caroline Ticknor*

WHEN THE GUESTS ARE GONE

Will you have a cup of tea, Dolly?

And a bit of candy, too?

It's the best we had and I'm very glad

That some was left for you.

Oh, yes, we had a lovely party,

And I like them all, you know;

But when it's through I'm glad that you

Are not the one to go.

You never cry or scold, Dolly,

Nor upset what I've planned;

I never heard you speak a word,

But I know you understand!

So have a cup of tea, Dolly,

And a cake and candy, too;

The best of fun when the party's done

Is my little chat with you.

—*Harriet Sutherland*

THE WOODEN DOLL

They say my doll is only wood,

For her they do not care,

She is not made all pink and white,

With curling, yellow hair.

But I shall hold her very close,

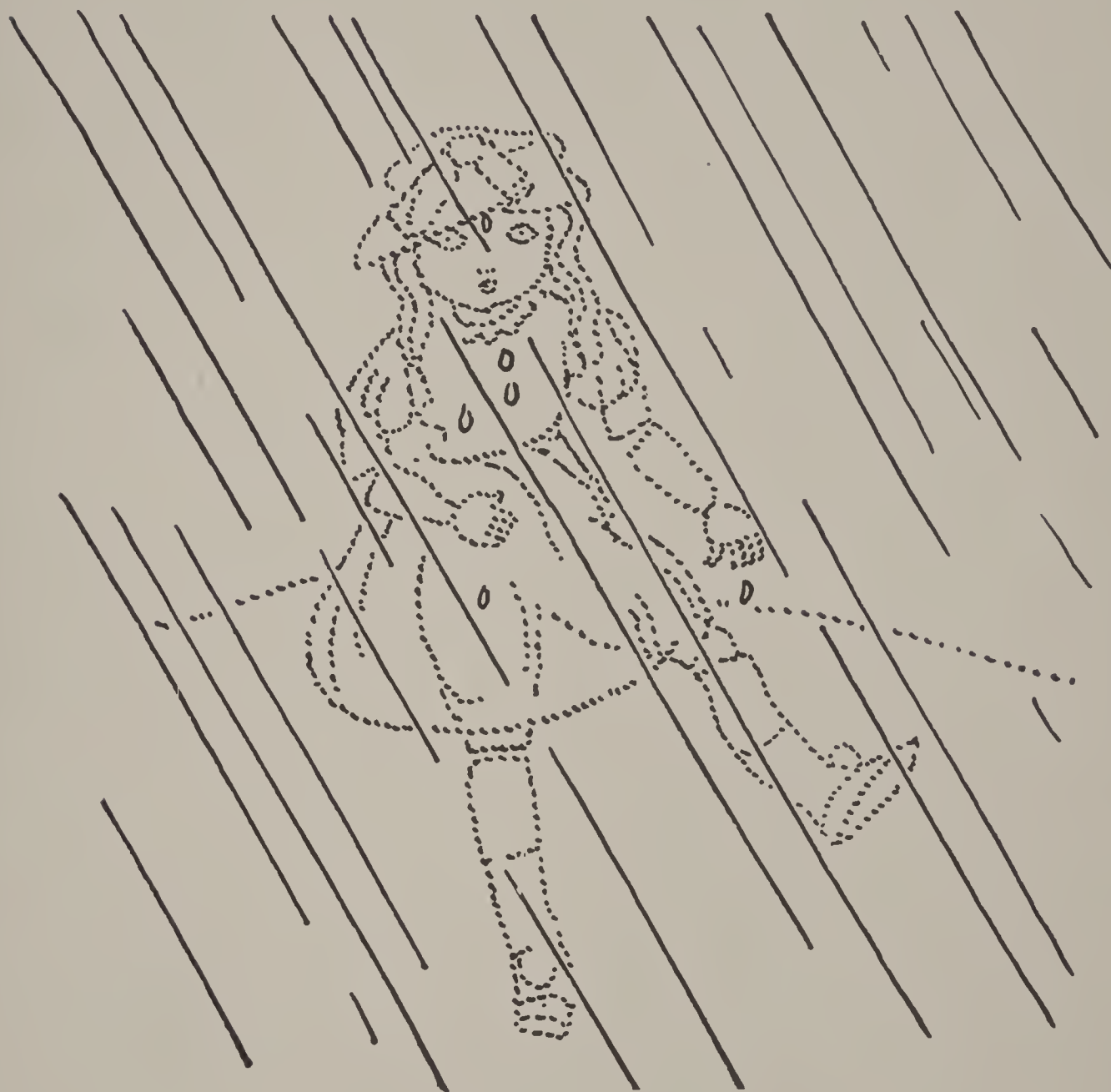
She's loving as can be;

It matters not what others say,

She's very dear to me.

—*Eugenie Wireman*

MISFORTUNES OF DOLLHOOD



THE COMPLAINT OF A MODERN DOLL

A modern doll I chance to be,
And what I hear about Vitamin C!
It's Vitamin A, and it's Vitamin D
Till I get so tired I can scarcely see.

This cod-liver oil, I hate the smell—
If they let me alone
I'll soon get well.
But they feed me this
And they feed me that—
Always trying to make me fat.

Oh, I am underweight, I know—
But all I need is a chance to grow.
Wish I'd been born long years ago
When there wasn't so much for mothers to know.

—Clara H. Aten

DOLL ROSY'S BATH

'Tis time Doll Rosy had a bath,
And she'll be good, I hope;
She likes the water well enough,
But doesn't like the soap.

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
Her eyes and nose and ears,
And splash her fingers in the bowl
And never mind the tears.

There now—oh, my! what have I done?
I've washed the skin off—see!
Her pretty pink and white are gone
Entirely! Oh, dear me!

—Author Unknown

THE DEAD DOLL

You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head;
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out
that day

And when the man most pulled off my head, you hadn't a word
to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby, to say you can mend it
with glue,

As if I didn't know better than that! Why just suppose it was you.
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for
looks?

Why glue's for chairs and tables and toys and the backs of books.

My dolly! My own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack
It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head
went whack

Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf,
Now Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it
myself.

I think that you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think that I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring
hat!

And I took a ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mama gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the
yard—

She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind. I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since my darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her under the tree.

And papa will make her a tombstone, like the one he made for
my bird;

And I'll tell him what to put on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

—Margaret Vandegrift

JEMIMA BROWN

Bring her here, my little Alice—
Poor Jemima Brown!
Make the little cradle ready,
Softly lay her down.
Once she lived in ease and comfort,
Slept on couch of down;
Now upon the floor she's lying—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly,
Rosy-cheeked and fair,
With her eyes of brightest azure,
And her golden hair.

Now, alas! no hair's remaining
On her poor old crown;
And the crown itself is broken—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely,
And her nose was straight;
And that arm, now hanging lonely
Had, methinks, a mate.
And she was as finely dressed as
Any doll in town.
Now she's old, forlorn and ragged—
Poor Jemima Brown!

Yet be kind to her, my Alice!
'Tis no fault of hers
If her willful little mistress
Other dolls prefers.
Did *she* pull her pretty hair out?
Did *she* break her crown?
Did *she* tear her arms and legs off?
Poor Jemima Brown!

Little hands that did the mischief,
You must do your best
Now to give the poor old dolly
Comfortable rest.
So we'll make the cradle ready,
And we'll lay her down;
And we'll ask papa to mend her—
Poor Jemima Brown!

—Laura E. Richards

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—Charles Kingsley

ROSE MA BELLE

Sometimes I wake in the deep, dark night,
And the thunder roars outside,
A spatter of rain puts out the stars,
And I cover up close and hide.
“You can't get *me*—oh, you can't get *me*,
Though you beat on the window pane,
But I wonder what—oh, I wonder what
I've left outside in the rain!”

Oh, Rose Ma Belle was the loveliest doll!
Her hair was as long as mine,
Her lashes were gold as the jonquil buds,
And her eyes had the starriest shine!
She was dressed like a bride, though she hadn't a groom,
But that was a small affair;
She'd a dress as white as a lily in bloom
And a long white veil on her hair.

And I took her to sit in the orchard grass
For the birds and the bees to see,
And I showed her the hole where the gooches live
In the side of the old plum-tree.
Then Daddy honked in the lane outside—
(Oh, this is hard to tell!)
And I laid her down—and I went to ride—
My sweet little Rose Ma Belle!

And oh—and oh—in the deep, dark night
I woke and I heard the rain!
Splash and *patter* and *swish* it fell
On the roof and the window-pane.
And I snuggled down in my warm white bed
(For the rain just sang as it fell),
Then, all of a sudden, I raised my head
And I thought about Rose Ma Belle!

Out in the dark and the pouring rain,
Lonely and dressed so thin!
And I ran and stood by the window-pane
And howled till the folks came in.

And Mother said to me: "Go and look
In your own little wickery chair."
And I pattered quick to the play-room door—
And Rose Ma Belle was there!

And I hugged my mother for bringing her in,
And I hugged my Rose Ma Belle,
And I hugged my daddy and all the rest,
And I laughed till my heart got well.
But always now in the deep, dark night,
When it beats on the window-pane,
I cover up close and I wonder what
I've left outside in the rain!

—Margaret Belle Houston

AN UNFORTUNATE FAMILY

Sophia's hair was just as soft as any silk that's spun;
And as for complexions—well, I'm sure *she* had one
Her disposition, too, was kind; she'd never frown or pout—
But Punch, our puppy, chewed her, and let all her sawdust out.

Evadne I remember well, and also my surprise
And joy when I discovered she had automatic eyes.
She used to sleep as soundly as a mother could desire—
But she only stared and rattled after falling in the fire.

Louisa looked a perfect pet, and positively sweet,
In pretty frilly baby clothes, with cap and shoes complete.
She would have grown up tall and fair, I very often think—
But Charlie played at clergyman, and christened her with ink.

And now here's Arabella, who may some day learn to speak:
For talking ought to follow if one *cultivates* a squeak.
She'll probably be famous for her eloquence and wit—
But accidents will happen, so we mustn't count on it.

—Felix Leigh

WOOING AND WEDDING.



BELINDA BLOND

Belinda Blond was a beautiful doll,
With rosy cheeks and a flaxen poll;
Her lips were red, and her eyes were blue,
But to say she was happy would not be true;
For she pined for love of the great big Jack
Who lived in the box so grim and black.
She never had looked on the Jack his face,
But she fancied him shining with beauty and grace;
And all the day long she would murmur and pout,
Because Jack-in-the-box would never come out.
“Oh, beautiful, beautiful Jack-in-the-box!
Undo your bolts and undo your locks!
The cupboard is shut, and there’s no one about;
Oh, Jack-in-the-box! jump out, jump out!”
But alas, alas for Belinda Blond!
And alas, alas for her dreamings fond!
There soon was an end to all her doubt
For Jack-in-the-box really *did* jump out!
Out with a crash, and out with a spring,
Half black and half scarlet, a horrible thing;
Out with a yell and out with a shout,
His great goggle-eyes glaring wildly about.
“Alas! alas!” cried Belinda Blond;
“Is this the end of my dreamings fond?
Is this my love, and is this my dear,
This hideous, glowering monster here?
Alas! alas!” cried Belinda fair.
She wrung her hands and she tore her hair,
Till at length, as the dolls who were witnesses say,
She fell on the ground and she fainted away.



Moral

Now all you dolls, both little and big,
With china crown and curling wig,
Before you give way to affection fond,
Remember the fate of Belinda Blond;
And unless you wish to get terrible knocks,
Don't set your heart on a Jack-in-the-box.

—Laura E. Richards

A DOLL'S WEDDING

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:

“It's our wedding-day;
And will you promise, dearest,
Your husband to obey?”

And this is Mimi's answer:

“With all my heart, my dear;
If you will never cause me
To drop a single tear;

“If you will ask me nothing
But what I want to do
I'll be a sweet, obedient,
Delightful wife to you.”

Says Mr. Fenwick, giving
His brown mustache a twist:
“I shall command you, madam,
To do whate'er I list!”

Miss Mimi answers, frowning,
His very soul to freeze:
“Then, sir, I shall obey you
Only just when I please!”

Says Ivanhoe to Mimi:
“Let us to this agree—
I will not speak one word to you,
If you'll not speak to me;

“Then we shall never quarrel,
But through our dolly life
I’ll be a model husband,
And you a model wife!”

And now all men and women
Who make them wedding-calls,
Look on and almost envy
The bliss of these two dolls.

They seem so very smiling—
So graceful, kind, and bright!
And gaze upon each other
Quite speechless with delight.

Never one cross word saying,
They stand up side by side,
Patterns of good behavior
To every groom and bride.

Sweethearts, it is far better—
This truth they plainly teach—
The solid gold of silence,
Than the small change of speech!

—*Lucy Larcom*

AN EAVESDROPPER

A dear little eavesdropper listened and smiled—
(I believe there is mischief a-brewing!)
For the gay, young cadet
Left his new wagonette
At the foot of the hill; and he seemed to forget
That his high-stepping courser perchance might upset
His wagon while he went a-wooing.

A dear little eavesdropper listened and laughed—
 (My sakes! to think dolls are so silly!)
 Yes, she heard the boy say,
 “My sweet Mistress May,
If you’ll marry me now, we will hasten away
To a far-distant clime where’t is cooler by day
And where the nights never are chillv!”

A dear little eavesdropper listened and sighed—
 (Oh! what if their necks should be broken?)
 Then she peered round the tree,
 But all she could see
Was two dolls, very stiff and as dumb as could be,
And never a sign in the faintest degree
Of so much as one word being spoken.

—*Anna Maria Pratt*

THE NAUGHTY DOLL

My dolly is a dreadful care—
 Her name is Miss Amandy;
I dress her up and curl her hair,
 And feed her taffy candy.
Yet heedless of the pleading voice
 Of her devoted mother,
She will not wed her mother’s choice,
 But says she’ll wed another.

I’d have her wed the china vase—
 There is no Dresden rarer;
You might go searching every place
 And never find a fairer.

He is a gentle pinkish youth—
Of that there's no denying;
Yet when I speak of him forsooth,
Amanda falls to crying.

She loves the drum—that's very plain—
And scorns the vase so clever;
And weeping, vows she will remain
A spinster doll forever!
The protestations of the drum
I am convinced are hollow;
When once distressing times should come,
How soon would ruin follow!

Yet all in vain the Dresden boy
From yonder mantel woos her;
A mania for that vulgar toy,
The noisy drum, imbues her!
In vain I wheel her to and fro,
And reason with her mildly—
Her waxen tears in torrents flow,
Her sawdust heart beats wildly.

I'm sure that when I'm big and tall,
And wear long trailing dresses,
I sha'n't encourage beaux at all
Till Mamma acquiesces;
Our choice will be a suitor then
As pretty as this vase is—
Oh, how we'll hate the noisy men
With whiskers on their faces!

—*Eugene Field*



THE MONEY-JUG

(A Rhyme of the Doll-House)

The earthen money-jug sat on the shelf,
Fat with pennies and round and red;
"You shall marry the little china-doll
When you are full," the old rag-mother said.
"Only a few more pennies," said he,
"Will fill me as full as I can be."

The poor little china doll below
Sat in the doll-house, very sad,
For she did not want to marry the jug,
In spite of the pennies and dimes he had;
And she would not look at the nursery shelf,
Where he sat in his pride and puffed himself.

“Two more days and it’s Christmas Day;
I shall be quite full by then, I know,”
Said the money-jug; but sadder still
Was the little doll in the house below.
The rag-mother nodded her wicked old head.
“Then to-morrow the wedding shall be,” she said.

And now there’s a noise in the hall outside,
And two little children come in the door;
With eager steps they hurry by
Where the doll-house stands on the nursery floor.
They take the money-jug down from the shelf;
“Now I’ll be full,” said he to himself.



Said the little boy to the little girl,
"We will get our Christmas money out."
Crack, smash! they broke the money-jug,
And all the pennies rolled about.
The rag-mother nodded her wicked old head;
"And that's the end of him," she said.

—Katherine Pyle

ON THE SHELF

Upon the Nursery Mantel
Sat little, fat Chin Lee;
And the Grief upon his countenance
Was something Sad to see.



For lo! the lovely Pitti-Sing
Had turned her face away,
Nor given him a Single Smile
Throughout the Dreary Day.

What had he done to Vex Her?
He tried in Vain to think,
Until his Eyes grew Dim and Pale
His Cheek so Round and Pink.

At last, as Darkness Gathered,
He fell into a Doze,
And when he Woke—Oh, joyous sight
That on his Vision rose!

The lovely Pitti-Sing had turned
Her Face to Him again,
And smiled upon Him as he gazed
With all his Might and Main.

“ ’Twas not my Fault,” she murmured
So sweetly, “Dear, Chin-Lee,
’Twas little Rosy turned my Head
This morning, don’t you see?”

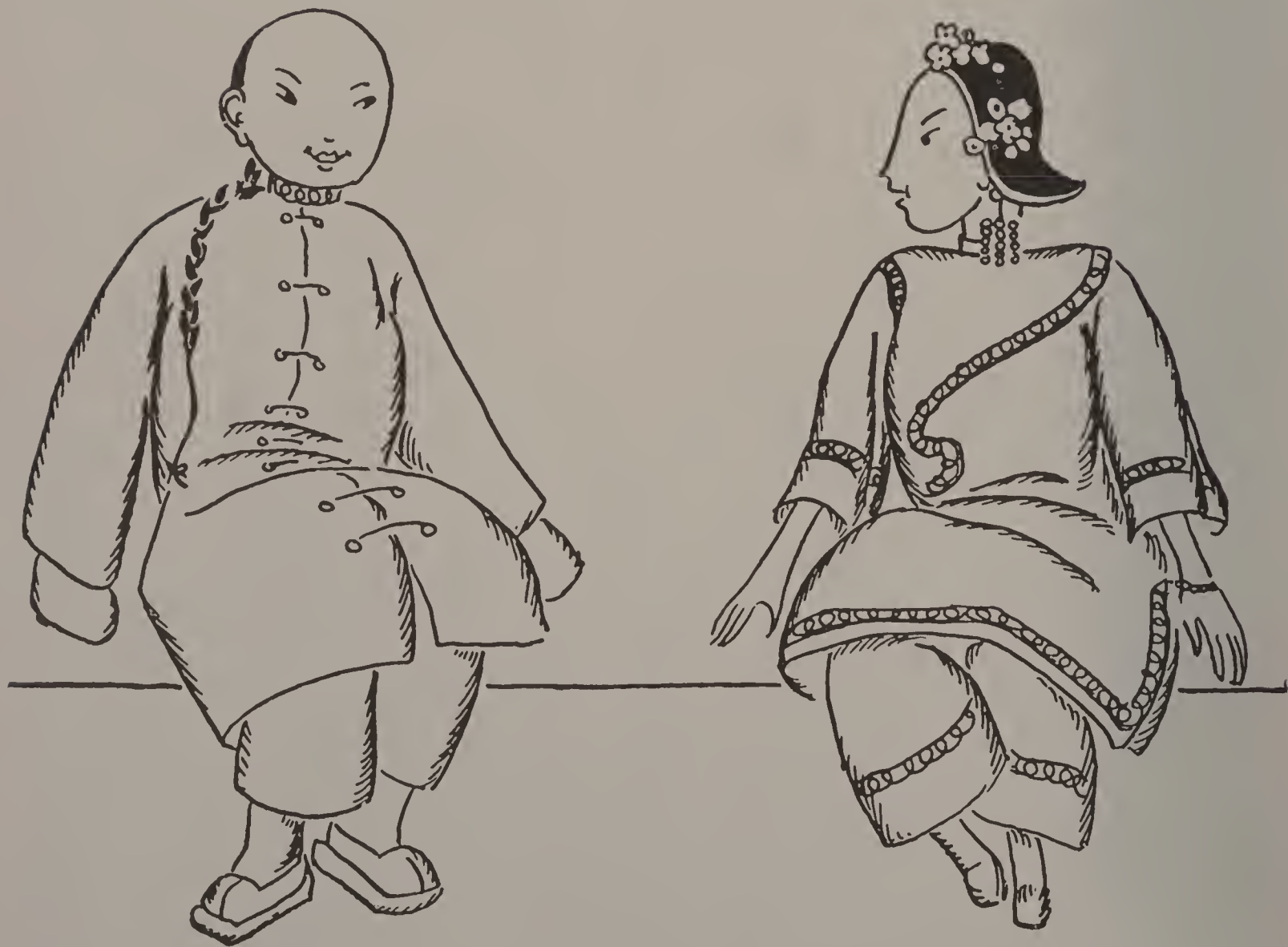
And now she’s turned it back, alas!
We’re manufactured so!
You’ll never Doubt me, Dear, again?”
He meekly whispered, “No.”

The shadows in the Nursery fell,
The Candles glimmered Red,
And little Rosy had her Tea
And, nodding, went to Bed.

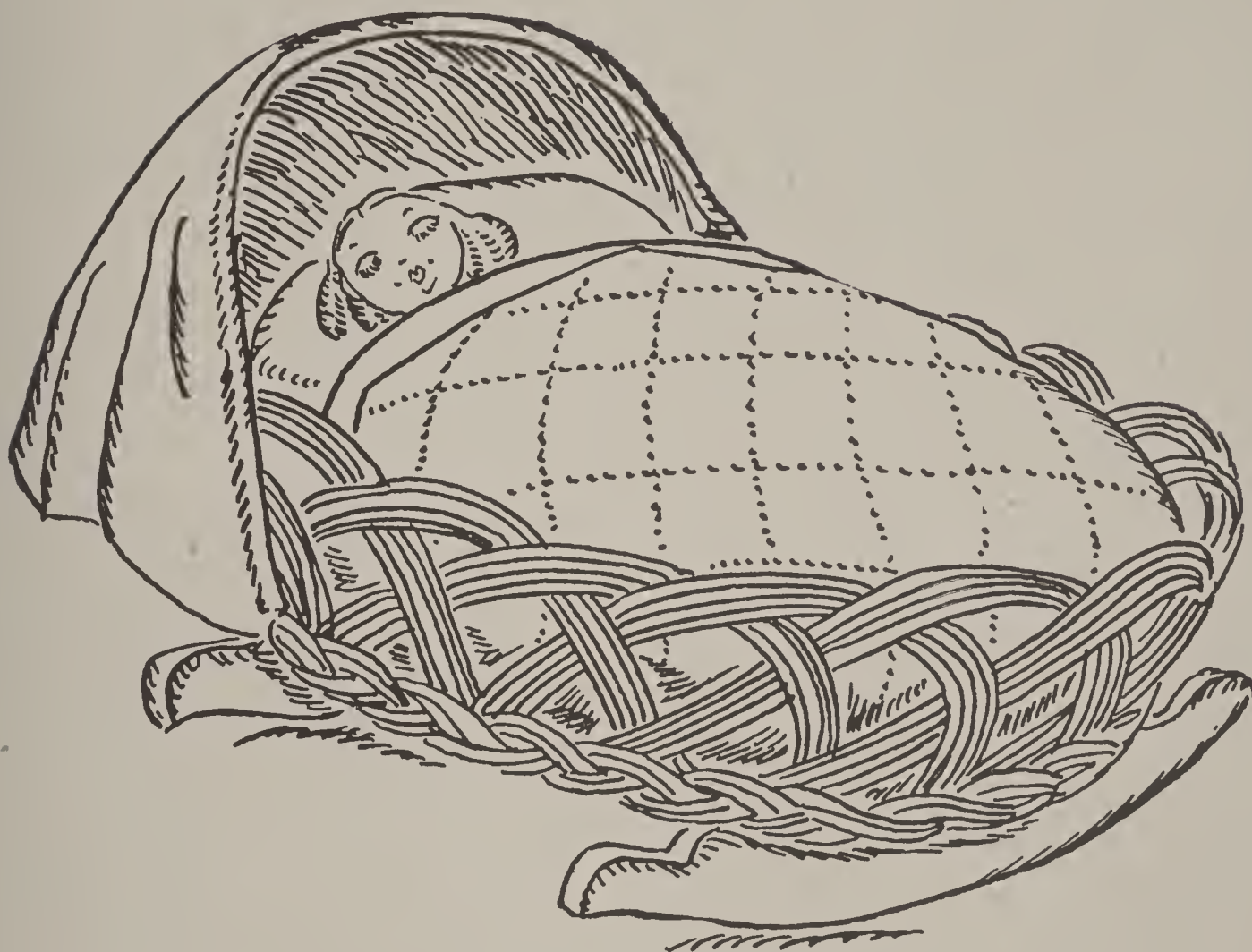
And on the Nursery Mantle
Sat little fat Chin-Lee
And the smile upon his Countenance
Was something good to see.

Beside him lively Pitti-Sing
Sat smiling as Himself,
And all was Peace and Happiness
Upon the Mantel Shelf.

—M. J.



SONGS AND LULLABIES



CUDDLE DOWN, DOLLY

They sent me to bed, dear, so dreadfully early,
I hadn't a moment to talk to my girlie;
But while Nurse is getting her dinner, down-stairs,
I'll rock you a little and hear you your prayers.

Cuddle down, dolly, cuddle down, dear!
Here on my shoulder you've nothing to fear.
That's what Mama sings to me every night;
Cuddle down, dolly dear, shut your eyes tight!

Not comfor'ble, dolly? or why do you fidget?
You're hurting my shoulder, you troublesome midget!
Perhaps it's that hole that you told me about.
Why, darling, your sawdust is trick-ker-ling out!

We'll call the good doctor in, right straight away;
That can't be neglected a single more day;
I'll wet my new hankchif and tie it round tight
'Twill keep you from suffering pains in the night.

I hope you've been good, little dolly, today,
Not cross to your nursie, nor rude in your play;
Nor dabbled your feet in those puddles of water
The way you did yesterday, bad little daughter!
Oh, dear! I'm so sleepy—can't hold up my head:
I'll sing one more verse, then I'll creep into bed.

Cuddle down, dolly, here on my arm,
Nothing shall frighten you, nothing shall harm.
Cuddle down sweetly, my little pink rose,
Good angels come now and guard thy repose.

—Kate Douglas Wiggin

DOLL'S CRADLE SONG

Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Softly repose,
Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Your little eyelids close.
While in school I'm sighing,
You in bed are lying;
And have all the day
Time enough to play.

Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Softly repose,
Sleep, Dolly, sleep,
Your little eyelids close.
Hush, my pretty, go to sleep!
While I sing you of the sheep,
And the lambs that went to wander
With the goose and giddy goody gander.
Sleep, my Dolly, sleep.

—From the German

DOLLY'S LULLABY

Sleep, dear, sleep, dear, folding eyelids waxen
Over eyes like corn-flowers brightly blue;
Rest here, rest here, little head so flaxen;
Soft I'll hush you, just as mothers do:
Dolly's good, she does not cry,
When she hears her lullaby,
Oh, quite easily she goes to sleep
Yes, at any time of day
I may choose for night, in play,
Oh, quite easily she goes to sleep.

Sleep, dear, sleep, dear, round cheeks tinted purely,
Red lips gathered in a rose-bud pout;
Bye-bye, bye-bye, now she's dreaming surely;
How I wonder what she dreams about!

Oh! how very, very odd
Must be Dolly's Land of Nod!
Ah, what happens when she goes to sleep?
I suppose she must forget,
For she never told me yet.
Pray, what happens when she goes to sleep?

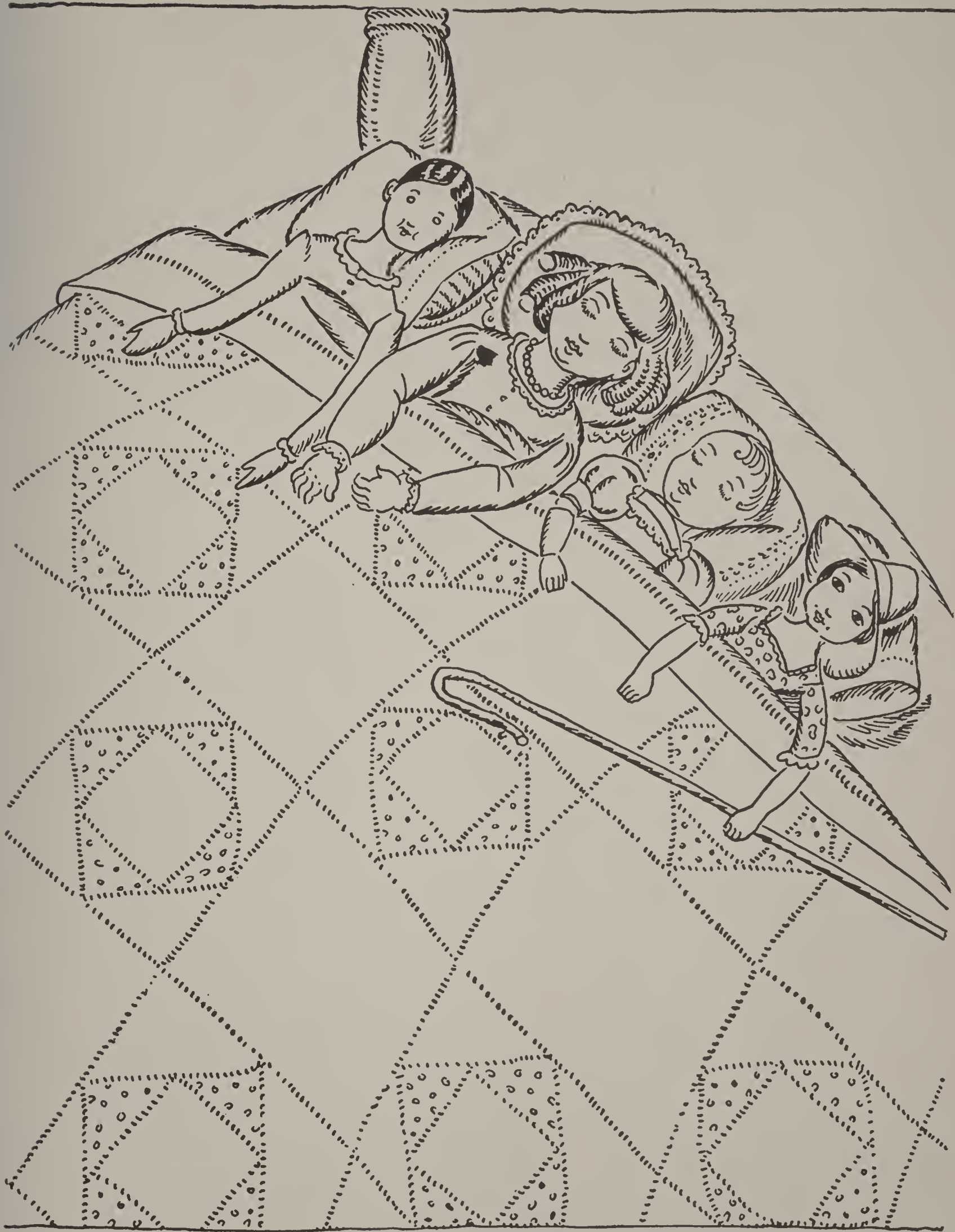
—*Helen Gray Cone*

DOLL'S SLUMBER SONG

Hushaby, my babies, now the day is closing,
All the tired little birds are drowsing in the nest;
Out upon the lake the lilies are reposing,
And so must you, my little ones, upon your mamma's breast.
S-l-e-e-p, sleep, sink, sink to sleep—
Claribel and Muriel, Polly and Bo-Peep.

Hushaby, my dearies, now the dew is falling,
Over on the meadow evening shadows creep.
On the edge of Slumberland hear your mamma calling,
"Come my little family, it's time to go to sleep."
S-l-e-e-p, sleep, sink, sink to sleep—
Claribel and Muriel, Polly and Bo-Peep.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald*



S-l-e-e-p, sleep, sink, sink to sleep—

DOLLY'S SLUMBER SONG

The little stars come twinkling out;
Sleep, my dolly, sleep!
Their bright eyes peeping all about,
Sleep, my dolly, sleep!
They watch the little lambs at rest,
They watch the baby birds that nest,
Until they're all asleep,
Until they're all asleep.

The twinkling stars are candles bright,
Sleep, my dolly, sleep!
That shine thro'out the quiet night.
Sleep, my dolly, sleep!
They watch all creatures lovingly,
And they will watch o'er you and me,
Until we're fast asleep,
Until we're fast asleep.

—*Annie Willis McCullough*

MY COTTON DOLLY

She is my brand new cotton dolly,
I've named her little Nancy Polly,
And tho' she'll never handsome be,
 She's very, very dear to me.
She has a face of colored silk,
And two cloth braids as white as milk,
And button eyes quite bright and clear,
 Pretty Nancy Polly dear.



Chorus

She is my brand new cotton dolly,
I've named her little Nancy Polly,
And tho' she'll never handsome be
She's very, very dear to me.

Her gown is red and white and green,
With pink and black dropped in between
And rows of stripes run up and down,
On little Nancy Polly's gown,



Her shoes and stockings fit on tight,
I cannot take them off at night,
Or change her dress, poor cotton dolly,
Her clothes just grew on Nancy Polly.

Chorus

She is my brand new Cotton dolly,
I've named her little Nancy Polly,
And tho' she'll never handsome be,
She's very, very dear to me.

—Mildred Travers Anderson

MISCELLANEOUS



CHOOSING

They're all of them so lovely
 It's very hard to choose.
I like that dark-haired beauty,
 With scarlet coat and shoes.
The golden-haired is sweeter,
 Her eyes are just sky-blue.

That sailor boy is cunning;
 The Highland laddie, too.
'Twould really be most puzzling
 To pick out only one.
(You see I can't have any,
 But choosing is such fun!)

—*Rebecca Deming Moore*

THE CHRISTMAS DOLL

There was once a doll on a Christmas tree,
 Who sighed to the angel that hung above,
"Oh, how I wish they would keep for me
 A sweet little, neat little girl to love;

"A dear little mother to curl my locks
 To rock me to sleep, and to wake me up,
To dress me in cute little gowns and frocks,
 And feed me with milk from her silver cup;

“A kind little mother, who’d never say
A word that was angry, nor let me fall,
Who’d always be ready to let me play
With bright little friends who should come to call!”

And, strange though the wonderful fact may be,
That little wax doll’s little wish came true;
They picked her right off the Christmas tree,
And gave her, my dear little girl, to you!

—*Arthur Guiterman*

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CORREGGIO CAROTHERS

Correggio Carothers was a man of much renown;
The dolls he made and painted were the talk of all the town;
In a room half shop, half study, he would gayly work away,
Completing, by his diligence, one dozen dolls a day.

If it chanced to be fine weather, every Monday he would go
With a number to the toyman’s, where he’d lay them in a row;
And some would be so beautiful that one could scarce refrain
From kissing them; while others would be very, very plain.

“Correggio, Correggio,” the toyman oft would cry,
“Oh, why do you persist in making dolls no one will buy?
In my second-story wareroom I have hundreds stored away;
And if each had a pretty face, they’d not be there to-day!”

“My work is conscientious, sir,” he proudly would explain;
“As dolls are mimic people, some of them must needs be plain.
I cannot, I assure you, give good looks to every doll,
Since beauty is a priceless gift that does not come to all!”

—*Malcolm Douglas*

A DITTY OF DOLLS

When Dicky gets the dollies out
At hospital he plays
And one and all they lie about,
Damaged in various ways;
In grievous clutch of grip or gout,
When Doctor Dicky gets them out.

When Dora gets the dollies out
They always go to school,
There is no time for play or pout
Under her rigid rule;
The dollies quake, I have no doubt,
When despot Dora gets them out.

When Donald gets the dollies out
At church they all appear,
In rows they sit, and hymns they shout
And lengthy sermons hear;
The day is due to look devout,
When Deacon Donald gets them out.

When Debby gets the dollies out
It's always holiday,
Let Dicky dose, and Donald spout
And Dora scold—hurray!
Pills, pews and pens are put to rout
When doting Debby gets them out.

—*Rose Mills Powers*

THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS TREE

I made a lovely Christmas tree
Trimmed with a candle lighted,
And every dolly in the house
Was formally invited.

A sunshade draped with all the gifts,
And popcorn hung about it,
Looked like a truly Christmas tree.
I'm sure no one could doubt it.

The sailor and the Indian
Were the only men-folks present.
They danced with everyone in turn,
And made things very pleasant.

Belinda was the fairest there,
With shiny golden tresses,
A string of pearls, a silken sash,
And daintiest of dresses.

The baby doll was dressed in blue,
In pink the little Jappy
Who smiled at Bess with the broken leg,
And seemed extremely happy.

And kitty came all dressed in fur,
Her usual apparel
She took her place among the rest,
And hummed a Christmas carol.

The doll that has no legs and arms
Within the trunk was sleeping;
But when the other guests arrived,
We plainly saw her peeping.

Belinda gazed with all her eyes—
Or one, for when I dressed her
The other dropped straight out. Oh, dear!
I know it has distressed her.

“Now please come when your name is called,”
I said. “Have no loud talking.”
I drew them up with smiles and a string
For they’re not spry at walking.

With Kitty Fluff they shared their cakes;
Bonbons they found too hearty,
So I ate those to help them out,
We had a lovely party!

—*Author Unknown*

THE DOLL'S CIRCUS

I took my best doll to the circus one day,
The very first circus she'd seen; and the way
All the circus folks acted gave her such delight,
That she made all my dollies play circus that night.

I think—yes, I think—that the clock had struck “Two”,
When, wondering, I watched all the pranks she went through;
The rest of my dollies she set in a row,
And taught them each trick that the circus-men know.



I watched all the pranks she went through

They hung on trapezes, and flew as on wings,
They rode my tin horses, and jumped through the rings;
And then the doll baby—oh, how could he dare!
Tried to balance himself on a pole in the air!

And just at that minute, Miss ladylike Flo—
The doll that I took to the circus, you know—
Began to turn handsprings and walk on a wire;
While my Jap doll surprised me by swallowing fire!

The darky doll carried Miss Flo on his head,
Exactly like Sandow, the strong man, she said;
My rubber doll bounced back and forth from the wall,
And, to cap all the wonders, Flo danced on a ball!

Their tricks were so pretty and funny and light,
I'd gladly have watched them the whole of the night;
Ten dolls made a pyramid—that was the best!
With the littlest one, Tot, holding up all the rest!

And when the whole ten waved a hand in fine style,
With clever Miss Flo at the top of the pile—
And all shouted "Hoop-la!"—just then, I declare,
I saw the whole pyramid sway in the air!

I jumped from my bed, and shrieked: "What shall I do!"
And to think! *It was morning!* and bright daylight too!
The dollies still lay all sprawled out on the floor.
But—just as I'd left them, the evening before!

—Will Philip Hooper

DOLL'S SONG

Matilda Jane, you never look
At any toy or picture book:
I show you pretty things in vain—
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But *all* our conversation fails:
You *never* answer me again—
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane:

Matilda darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all;
I shout with all my might and main—
But you're *so* deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind:
For though you're deaf and dumb and blind,
There's *some one* loves you, it is plain—
And that is *me*, Matilda Jane!

—Lewis Carroll

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

I travelled on the train one day;
Across the way there sat
A dainty little midget
With a pretty, fluffy hat.
Her cheeks were plump and rosy,
And her eyes were very blue,
And as for her behavior,
It was good enough for two.

In fact, you'll be surprised to hear,
As I was, then, to see
How far superior a child
Can to her elders be.

"The lady" who was with her
In whining tones was heard—
But I did not hear Miss Midget
Speak a single fretful word.

"The lady" wanted cookies; then
She had to have a drink.
She didn't give the passengers
A minute's time to think.
While little Rosy Cheeks just sat
And smiled across at us,
"The lady" squirmed and wriggled round,
And made a constant fuss.

So next time I go travelling,
As happen soon I may,
I hope that only one of them
Will be abroad that day!
And if a fairy asks me which,
I'll tell the little elf,
I much prefer Louise's *doll*—
To Miss Louise herself!

—Pauline Frances Camp



IN THE DOLL SHOP

The dolls in boxes on the shelves,
They whisper softly among themselves;
While the dolls that stand on the counter low,
Beribboned and fine from head to toe,
Are praised and chosen and sent away
For dear little girls each shopping day.
And what do you think they say up there
Where they lie in boxes, undressed and bare?
“They’re always speaking—I’m sure you’ve guessed—
Of the good time coming when they’ll be dressed
In daintiest pink and blue and white,
With buckled slippers and ribbons bright,
And, stretching their arms to all who view,
By some little mother be chosen, too.
And so they whisper away, and tell
Of the dear little girl who will love them well.
And that’s how they comfort and cheer themselves,
The dolls in boxes upon the shelves.

—*Rose Mills Powers*

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM

Melinda Jane, and Kate, and Nell
It's time you learned to read and spell.
Come, now, and say your A, B, C.
Hold up your heads, and look at me,
For, if you never learn to read,
What stupid dolls you'll be indeed!

All ready now: A, B, C—
What is the matter? Oh, dear me!



I cannot hear one word you say!
Why, Katy dear, don't turn away:
Sit up again and listen—there!
She's fast asleep, I do declare!

Well, never mind, where's grandpa's cane?
Now look at me, Melinda Jane,
You needn't think that this is play;
For I shall keep you here all day,
And make you read before you go:
I know what's good for dollies—so!

Now say, A, B—Look this way, Nell.
You speak so low, I can't just tell.
Melinda Jane, why don't you try?
Oh, dear! I'm tired enough to cry!
I think I'll stop, and go to play,
And try again some other day.

—*Author Unknown*

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE

I studied my tables over and over
And backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
And I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll,
And not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while,
You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann
(Though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
Such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
A hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well
As the answer of two times two.

Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
Who always acts so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
And I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!
I answered, "Mary Ann!"

—*Anna Maria Pratt*

MY DOLLY

We went to a party, my dolly and I;
The neighbors all smiled at us fluttering by,
White ruffles, pink sashes, and little pink shoes—
We were dressed just alike, not a ribbon to choose!

My dolly was prettiest, though, and *so* clever—
The little girls wondered and said, “Did you ever?”
And, “Oh, what a dear!” when I just let them see
How charming and cunning the darling could be.

For she did what I told her, as quick as you please;
She sang like a bird, and she talked like a breeze;
She danced, too—oh, yes! like a leaf in the air—
There was no doll, I tell you, like *my* dolly there!

And you needn't look sniffety—needn't say, “Pooh!”
That sort of a fairy-tale doesn't fool *you*;
For you're certainly sure that no doll ever did,
Ever *could*, sing and dance just because it was bid.”

She did though! Now listen, and you shall confess
'Tis the truth I am telling, no more and no less.
The doll at the party, so clever and jolly,
Was my own little, dear little, live sister—Polly!

—Mary Bradley



A NIGHTMARE

There was once a little girlie,
And she had an awful dream;
It really was so awful,
That she woke up with a scream!

She dreamed that all her dollies came
And climbed upon the bed—
There must have been a score or more
In groups upon the spread.

There was one-eyed "Arabella",
And headless "Lucy Ann",
And a most distressing cripple
Whose name was "Peter Pan."

There was "Maud", and proud "Belinda";
There was "Evalina Grace";
Each with an arm or leg off,
And a scratched and battered face.

They held a consultation
While she shivered there in bed;
Then up spake Arabella,
And this is what she said:

"You have been a cruel mother!
I say it to your shame!
We none of us can love you,
And you have been to blame.

You've pulled our arms and legs off!
You've scalped us every one!
And you've often scratched our faces,
And thought that it was fun.

Belinda's full of needles!
You've stuck pins in Emmy Lou!
And now we have decided
To do the same to you!"

It was then the little girlie
Awakened with a scream;
And oh, but she was thankful
To find it was a dream!

—*Anna May Cooper*

ONLY A DOLL

Polly, my dolly! why don't you grow?
Are you a dwarf, my Polly?
I'm taller and taller every day;
How high the grass is! do you see that?
The flowers are growing like weeds, they say;
The kitten is growing into a cat!
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Here is a mark upon the wall.
Look for yourself, my Polly!
I made it a year ago, I think.
I've measured you very often, dear,
But though you've plenty to eat and drink,
You haven't grown a bit for a year.
Why don't you grow, my dolly?

Are you never going to try to talk?
You're such a silent Polly!
Are you never going to say a word?
It isn't hard; and oh! don't you see
The parrot is only a little bird,
But he can chatter so easily.
You're quite a dunce, my dolly!

Let's go and play by the baby-house:
You are my dearest Polly!
There are other things that do not grow;
Kittens can't talk, and why should you?
You are the prettiest doll I know;
You are a darling—that is true!
Just as you are, my dolly!

—*Sarah O. Jewett*

PERHAPS THEY ARE

I often leave my dollies out
All night in pleasant weather;
But they don't mind—they love to rest
Beneath the trees together.

And once to where my dollies were
A band of fairies flew
And danced with them, because they thought
My dolls were fairies, too!

—*Arthur Guiterman*

THE SISTERS

These sisters, Jane and Marguerite,
Who are so friendly and sweet,
Have just one doll for two;
One day she's Janie's child, they play,
The next is Marguerite's day—
A pleasant way to do.

When Jane's turn comes to have the treat,
She names the dolly Marguerite,
To please her sister dear;
And Marguerite says very plain,
"My dolly's pretty name is Jane,"
When she is mother here.

—*Stella George Stern*

THE TWIN'S COMPLAINT

My sister's Louisa Maria,
And I am Maria Louise,
And you couldn't tell one from the other—
We're as like as a couple of peas!

Our eyes are the same, and our dimples
And so are our noses and hair;
Exactly alike are our dresses
And everything else that we wear.

I'm dreadfully fond of Louisa,
And its nice for a doll to be twins
If your girl-mother knows you from sister—
But there's where the trouble begins!



Why, only just yesterday morning
 Louisa was naughty and cried,
And mother said *she* must be punished,
 And *I* should go out for a ride;

But just as the carriage was ready
 She bundled me into my bed,
And read me a lecture on manners,
 And carried *Louisa* instead!

It was *I* had the blister the doctor
Prescribed when Louisa was ill,
And they smothered me nearly, in blankets
To keep her from having a chill!

I sha'n't know *myself*, I am certain
If things keep on longer this way,
And my temper is getting quite ruined—
(I scolded Louisa to-day.)

There's only one plan I can think of
To help it, and so I suppose
Though court-plaster's not at all pretty
I'd best put a patch on my nose.

It's hard, but I guess I sha'n't mind it
If only my dear mother sees
Which twin is Louisa Maria,
And which is Maria Louise!

—*Ellen Manly*



FOREIGN COUSINS



“COMPRENEZ-VOUS?”

A quaint Dutch doll and a doll from France
One birthday morning met by chance;
And the Juffrouw said to Mademoiselle
In politest Dutch, “I hope you’re well.”

But the doll from Paris shook her head,
And in her very best French she said:
“I regret, indeed, that I cannot tell
What your meaning is—but I hope you’re well.”

So the doll with the wooden countenance
And the waxen lady that came from France
In courteous silence together lay
In the shadowy dawn of that festal day.

But by and by, when the room grew light,
A little maid in a nightgown white
Peeped in, as her loving parents planned,
With the sparkling eyes of Yankee-land.

And never a single word said she,
And she smiled as brightly as could be;
And though those dolls were of wax and wood,
It really seemed that they understood.

For you may journey many a mile,
But, wherever you go, a smile’s a smile!
And its meaning is easy to understand
In Holland, in France, or in Yankee-land.

—*Jennie Betts Hartswick*



But, wherever you go, a smile's a smile!

THE FEAST OF THE DOLL

In flow'ry Japan, the home of the fan,
The land of the parasol,
Each month has its feast, from greatest to least,
And March is the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,
And March is the Feast of the Doll.

The wee slippered maid in gown of brocade
And newest and best folderol,
The little brown lad in embroidery clad,
All troop to the Feast of the Doll-doll-doll,
All troop to the Feast of the Doll.

How pleasant 't would be, 'neath an almond tree,
In sunshine and perfume to loll,
Forget our own spring, with its wind and its sting,
And sing to the praise of the Doll-doll-doll,
And sing to the praise of the Doll!

Come, sweet Tippytoes, as pink as a rose,
And I will get Betty and Moll;
Let us follow the plan of the folk in Japan,
And dance for your Feast, little Doll-doll-doll
And dance for your Feast, little Doll.



—Nora Archibald Smith

THE JAPANESE DOLL

She does not know our language; she is a foreigner;
So all the other dolls and toys they cannot talk with her.
She's quite unlike my French doll—Matilda—and her dress
Is different from Matilda's; her ways are too—and yes,
Her eyes are different, too—not blue—they're pointed and they're
black,

They don't close as Matilda's do. She lies there on her back
For hours and hours, and never moves, nor speaks, nor even winks.
She cannot tell me, but I b'lieve she lies and thinks and thinks
About her home in old Japan; about the children there
Who look like her, have eyes like hers, and just such straight
black hair.

Maybe she thinks of playmates and companions far away,
How low and sweet their voices are, how gentle all their play.
I think she sees the cherry trees, a-blooming on the air,
And the purple sweet wistaria a-hanging everywhere.
Across the shallow rivers where the little bridges run,
I think she sees the lotus and the iris in the sun.

Quite often when Matilda takes her nap, then she and I
We set out all the tea things, and we have tea quietly.
She always looks so pleased, and seems to like it so, and then
If I insist she'll always let me fill her cup again.

When she's very quiet, sometimes, I take her little hands
And I just say "Sayonara"; and I think she understands.
That is the word in Japanese for "Good-by" but you see
It also means "I'm sorry"—or it means "Since it must be!"
I only once was homesick—for just one day, you know—
But I remember very well how bad it was! And so
I'm very sweet and patient, and I let her sleep at night
By the little brass pagoda, and the lantern and the kite.

—*Laura Spencer Porter*



A MISUNDERSTANDING

The little doll from China and the little China doll

Sat looking at each other in surprise;

“That you were made in China,” said the first, “I can’t believe
For you see you have such funny round blue eyes.”

“But I am made *of* china,” said the haughty little blond;

“I don’t know why my word you choose to doubt;
And as for eyes, if mine were slanted watermelon seeds
I really think I’d rather do without.”

The little doll from China and the little China doll

Sat looking at each other in despair.

“Why, all the dolls in China are brunettes like me,” said one.

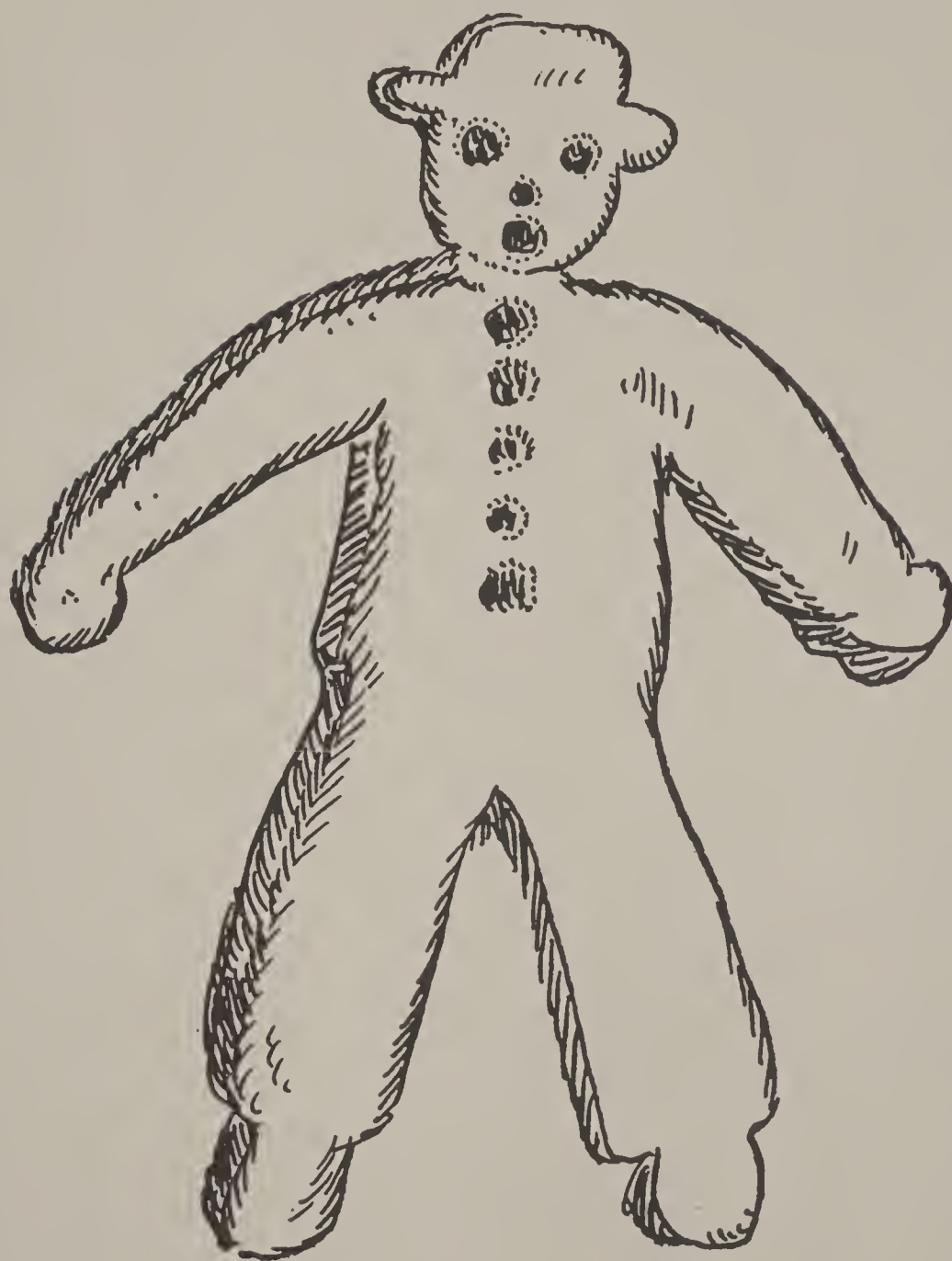
“Oh, no; a China doll is always fair!”

“But all the dolls in China have black hair that’s smooth and straight!”

“You’re wrong—a China dolly’s hair is curled.”

And both were right, yet both were wrong; because you see there are
So many kinds of China in the world!

DOLLS-IN-LAW



BING-O

I have a funny, little monk,
And Bing-O is his name.
He's not a bit like other toys,
Although he's made the same.

He has a squizzly little face
That sort of winks at me.
We play together all day long
As happy as can be.

When night time comes, and shadows fall,
And into bed I creep,
We always frolic for a while
Before I go to sleep.

And when my mother kisses me,
And then turns out the light,
I reach for Bing-O in the dark
And hug him very tight.

And when we go a-traveling
My mother dear says, "No,"
When she sees my other toys
All lined up in a row.

Yet when I pick my Bing-O up
And hug him to me, so,
She laughs and says, "Of course, my dear,
Your Bing-O Boy must go."

The reason is, the other toys
Are only just pretend,
While Bing-O is quite different,
Because he is my friend.

—*Alice Higgins*

ENVY

I have a yellow jumping-jack
And Billy has his brother;
My jumping-jack he kicks one leg
Before he kicks the other.

But Billy's yellow jumping-jack
I think is better fun,
Because he kicks the other leg
Before he kicks the one!

—*Arthur Guiterman*

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

Down in the kitchen
Our cook, Anne,
Made me a wonderful
Cookie man.

He was so fat
And smelt of spice,
And sugar and raisins, and
All that's nice.

His eyes were raisins
And his nose;
His coat was buttoned by
Raisin rows.

I hated to do him
Any harm;
I nibbled his foot and
Then his arm.

I ate both his legs
And his head;
I just love the taste of
Gingerbread.

And very soon you
Couldn't see
A bit of cookies; just
Only me.

I wonder now if
I am he,
Or whether that cookie
Man is me?

—*Alice Higgins*

THE GOLLIWUMPAS

One day when it was rainy,
And I was lonesome, too,
My Nursie said, "I'm going to make
A different toy for you."

She took an old silk stocking,
Some cotton and some thread,
And she made a Golliwumpas,
With a funny sort of head.

I stood and watched her do it,
Surprised as I could be
At the lovely Golliwumpas
My Nursie made for me

—*Alice Higgins*

HAPPY JACK

Happy Jack's a restless soul.
In the garden on a pole
All the summertime he stands
With his paddles in his hands.
When the wind comes on to blow,
How he makes his paddles go!

Happy Jack is made of wood.
He's a sailor, kind and good;
And he doesn't mind the rain,
For the sun will shine again.
I am sure he's good, you see,
By the way he smiles at me.

Hardly ever standing still,
Always looking here and there,
Paddling, paddling with a will;
Never getting anywhere,
Somewhere he must want to go,
But just where he doesn't know.

I'm very glad he doesn't. I must say
If ever he should go away
Our garden won't be half so gay.

—*Ralph Bergengren*



IOWA CORN FOLK

In the autumn's early twilight
When it's most too dark to see,
I can hear the Corn Folk talking
Just as plain as plain can be.

I can hear the swish and rustle
As they hurry to and fro
In their toil and in their frolic
When the lantern stars hang low.

I can hear the children playing
On the pumpkin pile a-top
And the Red Corn Mammy calling,
"Suppah's ready—Now you stop!"

Come for one brief hour of fancy
Through the Iowa fields with me
And you'll hear the Corn Folk talking
Just as plain as plain can be.

—Bertha M. H. Shambaugh



THE LAMENT OF THE POPPY DOLL

I'm only a poppy dolly,
And alas! I've had my day,
For the little girl that made me
Has gone away to play!
She went into the garden
And chose me, a poppy red.
Eyes, nose, and mouth she pricked
Right in my poppy head.
She folded back my petals
With a sash of grass, bright green.
With twigs she made my arms
The straightest ever seen.
A little bell-like flower
Made me a pretty hat.
A nasturtium leaf my sunshade,
Would you have thought of that?
And now that she has left me,
I'm sure that I won't last.
If you should see her anywhere
Tell her I'm fading fast.

—*Rebecca Deming Moore*

A LITTLE GIRL'S DOLLS

My dollies are many.
There's curly haired Jennie
And Topsy so black,
And white-haired old Jack.
There's Robbie the soldier
Than whom none's bolder;
There's Stick-of-Wood Polly
And the Japanese dolly.
But the latest and best
In silken robes dressed,
With vest of pearls bright,
All set in rows white,
Is Dolly Sweet-Corn,
Who this summer was born
On a tasselled corn-stalk
Near the old garden walk,
In a field of bright green
With a changeable sheen.

—*L. I. Bartlett*

PENNY PAROO

Penny Paroo was a funny old Critter,
She doubled right up, every time that you hit 'er.
She loved to be hit, and she loved to be whacked.
(She was somewhat unusual, that is a fact!)

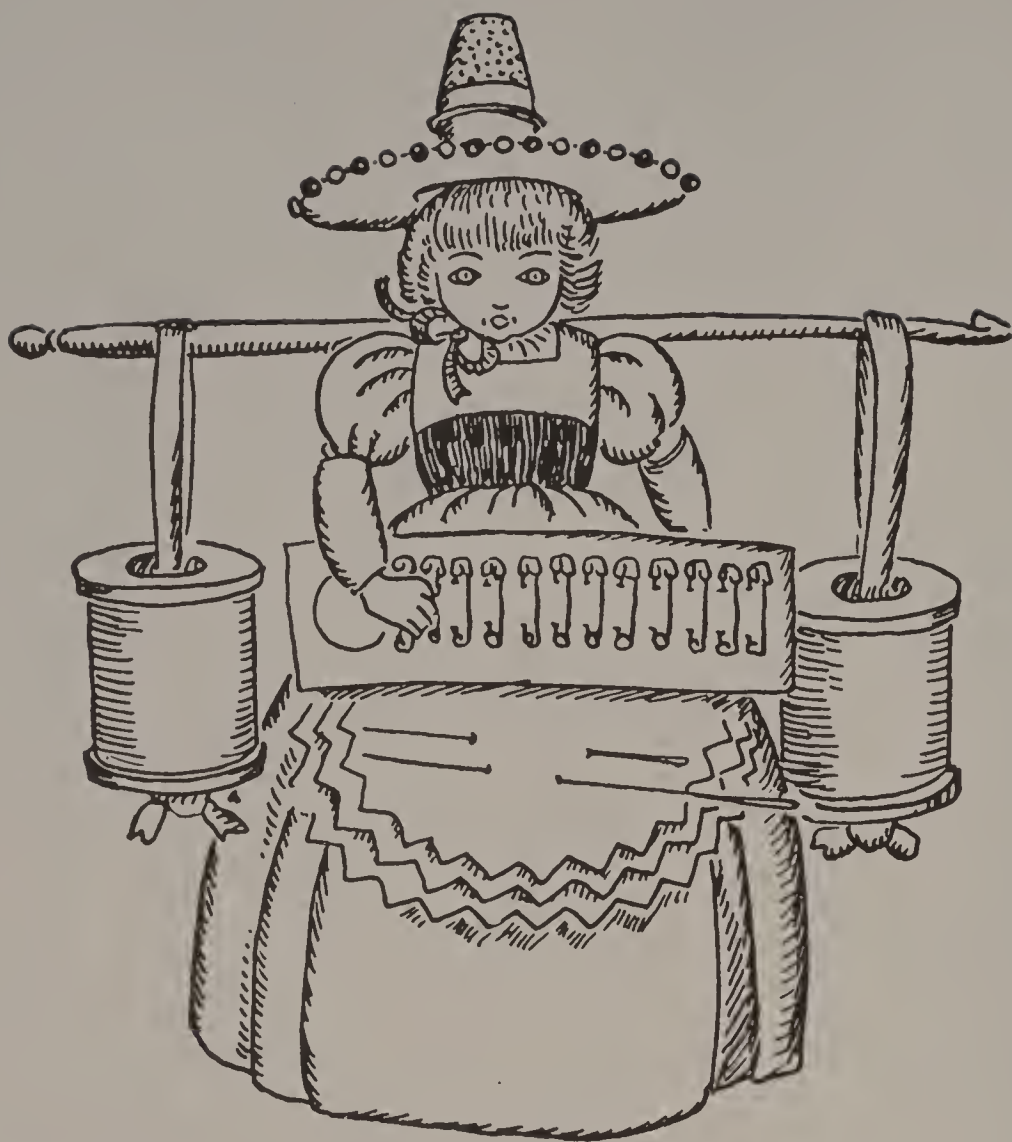
You could throw her about, or pinch her a while
But never could lessen her permanent smile.
You could scold her or kiss her, or brutally club 'er,
She'd love it, because—she was all made of *rubber*.

—*Alicia Aspinwall*

PETUNIA DOLLS

When lilac time was past and all the chestnut flowers were dead,
Each day I walked with sister round the big petunia bed
To watch how fast the thin green plants were spreading leaves about,
And how the neatly folded buds were slowly coming out.
More, more and more they came each day, with colors dark and light
Sometimes with blossoms white and red, and sometimes blue and white,
Till all the bed was full of flowers, then she and I would go
To where the border bushes grew, with berries white as snow
To get the bodies for our dolls—the berries at the end
Of each small twig made feet for them—we had to “make pretend”
About their arms and faces—but the head we used to call
That bit of stock that just stuck out when we had dressed the doll
In frilly frocks that we picked out from the petunia bed.
We made three dresses for each doll, and sister chose dark red.
I liked the white ones better, and the pale, pale amethyst.
We always tried to choose them where they would not soon be missed.
When we had made them hats to fit, of brightly colored phlox
We’d dance our dollies up and down the high nasturtiumed rocks.
Wide morning glory leaves made trunks, with wiry grass for straps,
To pack their extra dresses in, their coats and evening wraps.
Their dresses stayed much fresher when we kept them in the shade,
And so the big geranium star our nicest doll house made.
To them the stalks were giant trees, and on a windy day
They lay so cozy there beneath they couldn’t blow away.

—*Eva Macfarlane*



THE SEWING DOLL

There was a little milkmaid, and
Her pails were spools of thread;
A thimble-holder as a hat
She wore upon her head.

And there were pins of black and white
Around the brim stuck in,
And to her any one could go
To get a safety pin.

Her apron white and dainty was
A little needle-book;
The rod her milk-pail-spools were on
Was just a crochet-hook.

And people called this pretty maid
“Our useful little Poll”;
She was a help to every one,
This little “Sewing Doll.”

—*Amelia De Wolfers*

THE TOPSY TURVY DOLL

Topsy Turvy came to me
On our last year's Christmas tree.
She is just the queerest doll,
Much the strangest of them all.
Now you see her, cheeks of red,
Muslin cap upon her head,
Bright, blue eyes and golden hair,
Never face more sweet and fair.
Presto! change! She's black as night,
Woolly hair all curling tight,
Coal black eyes, thick lips of red,
Bright bandanna on her head.
She's not two, as you'd suppose,
When Topsy comes, Miss Turvy goes.
Perhaps it's as it is with me.
Sometimes another child there'll be,
And mother says, “Where is my Flo?
I wish that naughty girl would go.”

—*Rebecca Deming Moore*

INDEX

PAGE

All the Bells Are Ringing— <i>Christina G. Rossetti</i>	24
<i>Anderson, Mildred Travers</i> —My Cotton Dolly.....	84
<i>Aspinwall, Alicia</i> —Penny Paroo.....	120
At Bedtime— <i>Harriet Sutherland</i>	24
<i>Aten, Clara H.</i> —The Complaint of the Modern Doll.....	60
<i>Barrows, Marjorie</i> —The Long Ago Doll.....	18
<i>Bartlett, L. I.</i> —A Little Girl's Dolls.....	120
Belinda Blond— <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	68
<i>Bennett, John</i> —Week-days in Dolly's House.....	48
<i>Bergengren, Ralph</i> —Happy Jack.....	117
Best Loved of All, The— <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	52
Bing-O— <i>Alice Higgins</i>	114
<i>Bradley, Mary</i> —My Dolly.....	100
<i>Camp, Pauline Frances</i> —Fellow Travellers.....	95
<i>Carroll, Lewis</i> —Doll's Song.....	95
Choosing— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	88
Christening Dolly— <i>E. C. and L. J. Rook</i>	28
Christmas Dilemma, A— <i>Nellie M. Sinnell</i>	29
Christmas Doll, The— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	88
<i>Clark, Miriam S.</i> —The Dolls.....	33
Complaint of a Modern Doll, The— <i>Clara H. Aten</i>	60
"Comprenez-Vous?"— <i>Jennie Betts Hartswick</i>	108
<i>Cone, Helen Gray</i> —Dolly's Lullaby.....	81
Conscientious Correggio Carothers— <i>Malcolm Douglas</i>	89
<i>Cooper, Anna May</i> —A Nightmare.....	101
<i>Cooper, George</i> —Doll-Baby Show.....	32
<i>Cravens, Junius L.</i> —The Rag Doll.....	56
Cuddle Down, Dolly— <i>Kate Douglas Wiggin</i>	80
<i>Dayre, Sidney</i> —Taking Dolly's Photograph.....	47
<i>De Wolfers, Amelia</i> —The Sewing Doll.....	122
Dead Doll, The— <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	61
Dearest Dolls, The— <i>Hannah G. Fernald</i>	53
Devoted Mother, A— <i>Ethelwyn Wetherald</i>	30
<i>Dill, Mary</i> —The Kidnaper.....	25
Discipline— <i>M. Von Seydewitz</i>	31
Ditty of Dolls, A— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	90

<i>Dodge, M. M.—Dressing Mary Ann</i>	41
<i>Doll-Baby Show, The—George Cooper</i>	32
<i>Doll Rosy's Bath—Author Unknown</i>	60
<i>Doll's Song—Lewis Carroll</i>	95
<i>Dolls, The—Miriam S. Clark</i>	33
<i>Dolls' Christmas Tree, The—Author Unknown</i>	91
<i>Doll's Circus, The—Will Philip Hooper</i>	92
<i>Doll's Cradle Song, A—From the German</i>	81
<i>Dolls' Dinner, The—Ellen Manly</i>	33
<i>Doll's Funeral, The—Will Allen Dromgoole</i>	37
<i>Doll's Slumber Song—Ethelwyn Wetherald</i>	82
<i>Doll's Wedding, A—Lucy Larcom</i>	70
<i>Dolly Going to Sleep—Author Unknown</i>	21
<i>Dolly House, The—Margaret Widdemer</i>	38
<i>Dolly Takes Tea—Albert Bigelow Paine</i>	39
<i>Dolly's Lullaby—Helen Gray Cone</i>	81
<i>Dolly's Slumber Song—Annie Willis McCullough</i>	84
<i>Douglas, Malcolm—Conscientious Correggio Carothers</i>	89
<i>Dressing Mary Ann—M. M. Dodge</i>	41
<i>Dromgoole, Will Allen—The Doll's Funeral</i>	37
<i>Eavesdropper, An—Anna Maria Pratt</i>	71
<i>Envy—Arthur Guiterman</i>	115
<i>Fairing, The—Nancy Sproat</i>	18
<i>Favorite Doll, The—J. R. Grey</i>	25
<i>Fernald, Hannah G.—The Dearest Dolls</i>	53
<i>Feast of the Dolls—Nora Archibald Smith</i>	110
<i>Fellow Travellers—Pauline Frances Camp</i>	95
<i>Field, Eugene—Naughty Doll</i>	72
<i>Field, Rachel—A Valentine for Old Dolls</i>	13
<i>Francis, Emma S.—The Wrong Doctor</i>	50
<i>Gingerbread Man, The—Alice Higgins</i>	115
<i>Golliwumpas—Alice Higgins</i>	116
<i>Greenaway, Kate—Mammas and Babies</i>	44
<i>Grey, J. R.—The Favorite Doll</i>	25
<i>Guiterman, Arthur—The Christmas Doll</i>	88
<i>Envy</i>	115
<i>Perhaps They Are</i>	103
<i>Happy Jack—Ralph Bergengren</i>	117
<i>Hartswick, Jennie Betts—"Comprenez-Vous?"</i>	108
<i>Higgins, Alice—Bing-O</i>	114
<i>The Gingerbread Man</i>	115
<i>The Golliwumpas</i>	116

<i>Hooper, Will Philip</i> —The Doll's Circus	92
<i>Houston, Margaret Belle</i> —Rose Ma Belle	64
In the Doll Shop— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	97
Iowa Corn Folk— <i>Bertha M. H. Shambaugh</i>	118
Japanese Doll, The— <i>Laura Spencer Porter</i>	111
Jemima— <i>Harriet Clark McLearn</i>	15
Jemima Brown— <i>Laura E. Richards</i>	62
<i>Jewett, Sarah O.</i> —Only a Doll	102
Kidnaper, The— <i>Mary Dill</i>	25
<i>Kingsley, Charles</i> —The Lost Doll	64
<i>Kobbe, M. O.</i> —Polly and Her Dollies	26
Lament of the Poppy Doll, The— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	119
<i>Larcom, Lucy</i> —A Doll's Wedding	70
<i>Leigh, Felix</i> —An Unfortunate Family	66
Little Girl's Dolls, A— <i>L. I. Bartlett</i>	120
Little Housewife, The— <i>Alice C. D. Riley</i>	42
Little Schoolma'am, A— <i>Author Unknown</i>	97
Little Seamstress, A— <i>Mary E. Wilkins</i>	44
Long Ago Doll, The— <i>Marjorie Barrows</i>	18
Lost Doll, The— <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	64
Lucy and Dicky— <i>Author Unknown</i>	19
<i>M. J.</i> —On the Shelf	76
<i>McCullough, Annie Willis</i> —Dolly's Slumber Song	84
<i>Macfarlane, Eva</i> —Petunia Dolls	121
<i>Mackay, Isabel Ecclestone</i> —Mehitable Ann	55
<i>McLearn, Harriet Clark</i> —Jemima	15
<i>Madison, Anne</i> —A Mother's Dilemma	45
Mammas and Babies— <i>Kate Greenaway</i>	44
<i>Manly, Ellen</i> —The Dolls' Dinner	33
The Twin's Complaint	104
Mary Jane— <i>Margaret Vandegrift</i>	54
Mehitable Ann— <i>Isabel Ecclestone Mackay</i>	55
Misunderstanding, A— <i>Eunice Ward</i>	112
Money-Jug, The— <i>Katherine Pyle</i>	74
<i>Moore, Rebecca Deming</i> —Choosing	88
The Lament of the Poppy Doll	119
Sing a Song of Dollies	26
The Topsy Turvy Doll	123
Mortifying Mistake, A— <i>Anna Maria Pratt</i>	99
Mother's Dilemma, A— <i>Anne Madison</i>	45
My Cotton Dolly— <i>Mildred Travers Anderson</i>	84
My Doll— <i>Author Unknown</i>	20

My Dolly— <i>Mary Bradley</i>	100
Naughty Doll, The— <i>Eugene Field</i>	72
New Doll, The— <i>Author Unknown</i>	20
Nightmare, A— <i>Anna May Cooper</i>	101
Nursery Rhyme, A— <i>Author Unknown</i>	22
On the Shelf— <i>M. J.</i>	76
Only a Doll— <i>Sarah O. Jewett</i>	102
Owner Away, The— <i>Author Unknown</i>	26
<i>Paine, Albert Bigelow</i> —Dolly Takes Tea	39
Penny Paroo— <i>Alicia Aspinwall</i>	120
Perhaps They Are— <i>Arthur Guiterman</i>	103
Petunia Dolls— <i>Eva Macfarlane</i>	121
<i>Piatt, Eleanor</i> —Rebecca	46
Polly and Her Dollies— <i>M. O. Kobbe</i>	26
<i>Porter, Laura Spencer</i> —The Japanese Doll	111
<i>Powers, Rose Mills</i> —A Ditty of Dolls	90
In the Doll Shop	97
Tea-Set Blue	47
<i>Pratt, Anna Maria</i> —An Eavesdropper	71
A Mortifying Mistake	99
<i>Pyle, Katherine</i> —Best Loved of All	52
The Money-Jug	74
Rag Doll, The— <i>Junius L. Cravens</i>	56
Rebecca— <i>Eleanor Piatt</i>	46
<i>Richards, Laura E.</i> —Belinda Blond	68
Jemima Brown	62
<i>Riley, Alice C. D.</i> —The Little Housewife	42
<i>Rook, E. C. and L. J.</i> —Christening Dolly	28
Rose Ma Belle— <i>Margaret Belle Houston</i>	64
<i>Rossetti, Christina G.</i> —All the Bells Are Ringing	24
Rubber Doll, The— <i>Caroline Ticknor</i>	57
Saturday Night— <i>Author Unknown</i>	21
Sewing Doll, The— <i>Amelia De Wolfers</i>	122
<i>Shambaugh, Bertha M. H.</i> —Iowa Corn Folk	118
Sing a Song of Dollies— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	26
<i>Sinnell, Nellie M.</i> —A Christmas Dilemma	29
Sisters, The— <i>Stella George Stern</i>	104
<i>Smith, Nora Archibald</i> —Feast of the Dolls	110
<i>Sproat, Nancy</i> —The Fairing	18
<i>Stern, Stella George</i> —The Sisters	104
<i>Sutherland, Harriet</i> —At Bedtime	24
When the Guests Are Gone	58

Taking Dolly's Photograph— <i>Sidney Dayre</i>	47
<i>Taylor, Jane</i> —The Wooden Doll and the Wax Doll.....	13
Tea-Set Blue— <i>Rose Mills Powers</i>	47
<i>Ticknor, Caroline</i> —The Rubber Doll.....	57
Topsy Turvy Doll, The— <i>Rebecca Deming Moore</i>	123
Torn Doll, The— <i>Author Unknown</i>	22
Twin's Complaint, The— <i>Ellen Manly</i>	104
Unfortunate Family, An— <i>Felix Leigh</i>	66
Valentine for Old Dolls, A— <i>Rachel Field</i>	13
<i>Vandegrift, Margaret</i> —Dead Doll.....	61
Mary Jane	54
<i>Von Seydewitz, M.</i> —Discipline.....	31
<i>Ward, Eunice</i> —A Misunderstanding.....	112
Week Days in Dolly's House— <i>John Bennett</i>	48
<i>Wetherald, Ethelwyn</i> —A Devoted Mother.....	30
Doll's Slumber Song.....	82
When the Guests Are Gone— <i>Harriet Sutherland</i>	58
<i>Widdemer, Margaret</i> —The Dolly House.....	38
<i>Wiggin, Kate Douglas</i> —Cuddle Down, Dolly.....	80
<i>Wilkins, Mary E.</i> —A Little Seamstress.....	44
<i>Wireman, Eugenie</i> —The Wooden Doll.....	58
Wooden Doll, The— <i>Eugenie Wireman</i>	58
Wooden Doll and the Wax Doll, The— <i>Jane Taylor</i>	13
Wrong Doctor, The— <i>Emma S. Francis</i>	50



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020925978

